

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 11.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1906.

NO. 22.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:39 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
9:32 A. M. Daily.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

## TIME TABLE

### South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:15 a. m.	5:37 a. m.
6:00 "	6:30 "
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 "	4:50 "
5:10 "	5:35 "
5:55 "	6:14 "
6:30 "	7:00 "
7:20 "	8:00 "
8:30 "	9:00 "
9:30 "	10:00 "
10:30 "	11:00 "
11:30 "	11:53 "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m.

The last "suburban car", leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

## UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

### TIME TABLE OF SAN MATEO SUBURBAN LINE

From San Mateo	From 5th & Market Sts., S. F.
WEEK-DAYS	WEEK-DAYS
5:45 a. m. to 8:45 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
8:45 p. m. to 11:45 p. m. every 60 minutes	7:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 60 minutes
SATURDAYS	SATURDAYS
5:45 a. m. to 12:15 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. every 30 minutes
12:15 p. m. to 12:40 p. m. every 25 minutes	
12:40 p. m. to 7:20 p. m. every 20 minutes	11:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. every 20 minutes
7:20 p. m. to 7:45 p. m. every 25 minutes	
7:45 p. m. to 11:45 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
SUNDAYS	SUNDAYS
First car 6:45 a. m.	First car 7:00 a. m.
Last car 11:45 p. m.	Last car 11:30 p. m.
Cats will run as often as travel warrants.	Cats will run as often as travel warrants.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
" " South	6:45	12:05
" " South	4:05	12:30

## MAIL CLOSING.

North	A. M.	P. M.
South	6:55	12:09
South	6:15	12:39
" "	11:35	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. T. D. Lewis will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 8:30 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
C. L. McCracken	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSASSIN	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. J. Gilbert	Redwood City

## SHORT NEWS ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

### Interesting and Important Occurrences of the Past Week Tersely Related in Condensed Paragraphs

### Current Events Briefly Reviewed in Numerous Dispatches from Correspondents in Every Corner of the World.

The British steamer Colne foundered off the Dutch coast, twelve of her crew being drowned and seven saved.

John Jacob Anderson, author of Anderson's school histories, is dead at his home in Brooklyn in his 86th year.

Thirty-one persons were drowned in Antwerp, Belgium, on account of equinoctial overflows of the Scheldt river.

In consequence of the failure of all attempts to form a new cabinet, the old ministry, slightly altered, will return to power in Serbia.

Fred R. Groen, former cashier of the defunct Fredonia National Bank of Fredonia, N. Y., pleaded guilty to embezzlement and was sentenced to six years in Auburn Prison.

The original draft, in Lord Nelson's handwriting, of the historical "General Memorandum" to his captains at the battle of Trafalgar, was sold at auction at Christie's, London, for \$18,000.

The reports of the special commission which investigated in nineteen provinces in Russia the agrarian disturbances which occurred last year show that the losses exceeded \$155,000,000.

A bulletin issued by the Census Bureau gives the number of establishments manufacturing starch in the United States in 1905 at 131, with a capital of \$7,006,635 and products of \$8,038,000.

A new organization entitled the Citizens' National League has been launched in London. The primary object is combating all forms of state or municipal socialism and municipal extravagance.

By unanimous vote the House Committee on Elections decided to recommend the seating of Delegate Kalaianale of Hawaii, whose seat was contested on the ground of fraudulent election methods.

The Ohio House, by a vote of 66 to 46, passed the Aikin bill increasing the Dow tax imposed upon saloons from \$350 to \$1000. The passage of the bill is attributed largely to the recent riots in Springfield.

The leaders of the rebels in Kuang Si province, China, and three others who were implicated in the attack on the house of Rev. Dr. Andrew Beatie, the American missionary at Fati, in February, were beheaded March 12th.

With the passage by the Iowa Senate of the child labor bill, the measure will become a law, as Governor Cummins will sign it. The new law prohibits the employment of children under 18 years old in any occupation injurious to health.

The Standard Oil Company has advanced the prices of gasoline half a cent per gallon. Deodorized stove gasoline is now quoted at 12½ cents per gallon, 74 to 75 degrees gasoline, 14½ cents, and varnish-makers' and painters' naphtha, 11½ cents.

Ole E. Finstad and T. G. Coughner of Los Angeles were sentenced at Santa Rosalia, Mexico, to twelve years and six months each in the penitentiary for the murder of R. W. Rutherford of Philadelphia and C. V. McMurray of Los Angeles at the Diaz ranch in Chihuahua, Mexico.

The execution last week of Ivan Kulikoff, who attempted to assassinate General Kourloff, was a horrible affair. He was hanged at the gate of the prison at Minsk in the presence of a gaping crowd, but the noose was so badly adjusted that Kulikoff suffered agony for ten minutes.

Louis Brown, 29 years old, whose trial was set for Friday for the murder of Flossie Reese, at whom he threw a lighted lamp which exploded, fatally burning the woman, committed suicide in his cell in the Norfolk jail by cutting his throat with a sharp pen-knife which he had in some unknown manner smuggled into the jail.

The Gazette del Tribuna di Rome says that a prisoner, who is ill in the infirmary of a prison, has confessed that he was present at a meeting of

anarchists in which a plot was concocted to kill the King of Italy on the occasion of the inauguration of the Milan exhibition on April 18th. A searching investigation of his story has been ordered.

Andrew Carnegie's spelling-reform movement finds little favor with British authors. Many opinions on the subject are published in London papers, mostly opposed to the innovation, and others admitting that the idea is worthy of consideration.

Charles Algernon Swinburne describes the movement as a "monstrous, barbarous absurdity."

Colonel Rivera, nephew of the general of that name, who formerly commanded the Spanish troops in the Philippines, last week fought a duel with Deputy Soriano, who recently was savagely assaulted in Madrid by the colonel for criticising acts of the Spanish generals in Cuba and the Philippines. Both men were wounded, but not seriously.

The housekeepers of Maine will have a new source of trouble when the new Scrubwomen's Union, the first lodge of which was organized last week at Portland, gets its organization completed throughout the State. The scrubwomen met and elected a president, secretary and treasurer, and adopted a uniform scale of 20 cents an hour instead of 12 to 15 cents, the pay heretofore.

William Thomas of Saginaw, Mich., a member of the chorus of the "Wonderland" company performing at the Columbia Theater in Washington, D. C., committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid while the play was in progress. Thomas was an admirer of Idris Gordon, a sixteen-year-old girl, also a member of the company. The suicide was caused by disappointment because she would not reciprocate his affection. The play continued uninterrupted, the audience not being aware of what had transpired.

The report of John Dalrymple, manager of the streetcar lines of Glasgow, Scotland, who was brought to Chicago to investigate and report the streetcar transportation problem there, has finally been made public. The report, in effect, is against municipal operation of streetcar lines in Chicago unless it shall become utterly impossible to reach an equitable agreement with the companies now operating the lines. Dalrymple expresses the opinion that the municipalities of the United States "are not yet quite ready to successfully undertake this work."

Chicago.—Wilson Mizner, who married Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, will not live a butterfly life upon the millions of the late traction magnate, for a time, at least. The Probate Court in Chicago will henceforth have something to say as to the amount of spending money the young man handles. When the Yerkes will was proved and admitted to probate Judge Cutting issued an order directing all stocks, bonds and moneys of the estate to be deposited with the Central Trust Company of Illinois. "Further," said the Court in its order, "no such stocks, bonds, securities or cash moneys shall be withdrawn therefrom except by order of this court or upon vouchers approved by the Central Trust Company." This order will act as an effectual block upon any efforts of Mrs. Mizner or her young husband to draw money from the estate without the sanction of the court and executor, Louis K. Owsley was appointed sole executor.

### Mizner Can Not Waste Yerkes' Millions

Chicago.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Minneapolis says: When the holiday rush was at its height last Christmas, John W. Higby, a Minneapolis letter carrier, found himself near the end of his route with several packages undelivered. It was time to return to the office and quit for the day, but Higby thought of the people who were awaiting presents, and decided to work a little while longer without pay rather than disappoint them. As a result he was notified Sunday that he will lose one day's pay, \$2.78, for violating the eight-hour law. The fine was imposed by the department at Washington. Higby has never received a reprimand in the eight years he has been a carrier, and local officers will try to have the fine order rescinded.

### Fined for Being Too Industrious.

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### No Trouble in China.

Manila.—Colonel Knight, Major-General Wood's chief of staff, has returned from an investigation of the situation in China. He reports that there is absolutely no danger of trouble and that tranquillity prevails.

## COAST HAPPENINGS BRIEFLY REPORTED

### Recent Events West of the Rocky Mountains Presented in a Form Appreciated by Our Busy Readers

### Specially Selected Short Items Telling of Important and Interesting Occurrences of the Week on the Pacific Slope.

The Senate has passed the bill appropriating \$250,000 for a public building at Eureka.

The City Council of Santa Cruz has decided not to use voting machines at the coming city election.

Fire in the machine plant of the Puget Sound Dry Dock and Machine Company at Tacoma caused a loss of \$50,000, partially insured.

The Municipal League of Vallejo has started a campaign for high license. Vallejo now has over 100 licensed liquor dispensing places, each of which pays only \$80 a year license.

The Marine wharf at Summerland was washed away by the high tide last week, about 400 feet being carried away. One derrick and some other oil property was lost. The loss to property is between \$1000 and \$2000.

Charles McNeff was found dead on the mountain side near Nimshew, in Butte county. Death was due to exposure during the severe storm of last week. The deceased was in the employ of the Valley Counties Power Company.

Mrs. Louisa Sumner, aged 53 years, was struck by a Long Beach electric car in Los Angeles and killed instantly. She had stepped out of the way of a Stinson-avenue car and moved directly in front of a rapidly approaching Long Beach car.

At a meeting of the executive board of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition in Seattle it was decided to formally launch the project on April 14th. A dinner will be held on that date and invitations will be extended to the fifty trustees of the exposition.

Burglars entered the store of Fountain, Riddle & Clary at Santa Rosa last week, and, in addition to rifling the till, carried off a considerable quantity of goods. Entrance was effected by drilling a hole in an iron door at the rear of the establishment.

While suffering from a fit of temporary insanity, caused by despondency, Miss Edna Brown, one of Sonoma county's most popular young ladies, committed suicide at her home near Windsor, six miles south of Healdsburg. Miss Brown was 19 years of age.

In response to a request that such action be taken, Governor Pardee has appointed a committee of well-known citizens of the State to raise funds with which to purchase a silver service for the United States cruiser California, which will soon be put into commission.

The United Spanish War Veterans of Vallejo have formed an association so that proper recognition of the resting places of their deceased comrades can be given. They have already filed articles of incorporation with the Spanish War Veterans and Sailors' Monument Association.

Harry Vandalsen, aged 17, of San Jose, died last week after an agonizing illness of three days, due to ptomaine poisoning; the boy's mother is in a critical mental condition because of the shock. The boy ate heartily of clam chowder in a restaurant, and his death is said to be due to this.

"I believe the time is coming when premises which have been occupied by a person afflicted with tuberculosis will be disinfected, just as is now done in cases of smallpox, diphtheria and other contagious diseases." Such was the declaration of Dr. N. K. Foster, secretary of the State Board of Health.

Robert E. McCauley, a former employee of the construction department at the Mare Island navy yard, is the inventor and patentee of a soldering iron which is electrically heated and self feeding. It can be heated either by direct or alternating current. McCauley's iron is the only one available for overhead soldering.

President Arthur W. Foster of the California Northwestern Railroad has made a donation of \$5000 to a proposed fund of \$60,000 with which to purchase the Wickersham farm at Sonoma. It is proposed to present the magnificent property to the State for

an experimental farm, which it was sought to provide at the last session of the Legislature.

At the monthly meeting of the trustees of the State Hospital for Insane at Agnews reports showed that there are at present 630 men and 441 women patients in the hospital. During February \$2413 was received from paid patients; the farm receipts were \$1280, and there is in the contingent fund \$36,728. The trustees decided to go ahead with the construction of the two new treatment and operating rooms.

A glass works that will give employment to 300 hands is an assured industry for Monterey. A site has been secured just beyond the Hotel del Monte and \$40,000 has been subscribed for the factory by Monterey people, while the rest of the money will be furnished by outside capitalists. Bids for the erection of the buildings for the factory will be opened in a short time. Window glass will be the principal product.

Henry Miller, the cattleman, has announced that he will endow a hospital and sanatorium in Gilroy with \$100,000 and also donate ten acres of land for a site and furnish the building material of sandstone from his quarry. The hospital will be under the control and management of a board of trustees, and will be permanently endowed and will be open to all reputable physicians and persons of all denominations.

A daring daylight robbery occurred in Eureka last week when a thief boldly entered the Rowell lodging-house, situated in the heart of the city and took a box containing \$2000 in cash and some jewels. The owner, having occasion to go to the box, was greatly surprised to find the contents gone. The box, which was kept in a small room adjacent to the proprietor's sleeping room, also contained valuable papers. The police have no clew to the robber.

Little Doris Pritchett, five years old, who lives at 106 Sierra street, Reno, Nev., was shockingly bitten by a mongrel pug dog, the pet in the family of Mrs. Crawford, a neighbor. Her entire upper lip was taken out, and when Mrs. Crawford rushed into the room in response to the cries of the child the torn lip was hanging by a thread. Dr. Heppner, who sewed the wound, stated that it was the worst case he had ever seen, but he hopes that no complications will set in. Doris is probably disfigured for life.

Canadians Talk "Secesh."

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—From one end of Canada to the other the cry for "secession" is again being heard. From the resolutions of the various Legislatures, none of the provinces—with the exception of Quebec—seem satisfied. Quebec, with its tremendous following in the Federal House and its sagacious and powerful influence, is dictating Sir Wilfred Laurier's policy, and the conditions are such at the present time that he dare not refuse their commands. A great constitutional crisis is approaching. The provinces joined together by confederation consider they are not being fairly treated by the Dominion Government in regard to subsidies and other matters.

Teachers Will Visit Burbank.

Santa Rosa.—Luther Burbank, the local scientist and horticulturist, has consented to receive two delegations of teachers and educators who will attend the National Teachers' Association this summer in San Francisco. Arrangements are being made for excursions to Santa Rosa on two days following the meetings of the association. The local members of the State committee of arrangements for the San Francisco gathering are planning to make the teachers' visit here a memorable one. There will be a grand rally in some public place and each of the visitors will be presented with a souvenir of the county.

Big Hop Crop in Oregon.

Portland.—With the close of the hop season a compilation made by the leading Salem, Or., firms shows that 11,300 bales still remain in the State, which, with the shipments to date, brings the 1905 crop of Oregon up to 113,800 bales. The roots have wintered well, and including the new acreage that will come into bearing this year, Oregon will probably harvest from 125,000 to 140,000 bales in the fall.

Big Storm in Black Sea.

Simferopol, Russia.—A storm raged for thirteen days in the Black sea. Great damage has been done and in every port shipping has been disabled.

## COUNTY GAME LAW.

### The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits. July 1 to Feb. 1.  
Rabbit. Oct. 15 to Nov. 16.  
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.  
Deer. Aug. 1 to Oct. 1.  
Trout. April 1 to November 1.  
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.  
The killing of Tree or Pine squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.  
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

### STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover. October 15 to February 15.  
Mountain Quail and Grouse. Sept. 1 to Feb. 15.  
Doves. July 1 to Feb. 15.  
Tree squirrel. Aug. 1 to Oct. 1.  
Male Deer. July 1 to Nov. 1.  
Pheasant and Meadow Lark. killing prohibited.  
Trout. April 1 to Nov. 1.  
Steelhead (in tide-water) closed. February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16.  
Striped Bass. Three-pound Black Bass. July 1 to Jan. 1.  
Salmon. Oct. 16 to Sept. 10.  
Lobster or Crawfish. Aug. 15 to April 1.  
Shrimp. Sept. 1 to May 1.  
Crabs 6 inches across back. Oct. 31 to Sept. 1.  
Turgeon and Female Crab. Prohibited.  
Abalone. Less than 15 inches round.

### Italian Being Made Into New Man.

Boston.—A wonderful surgical operation is in progress at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where Stephen Calabro, an Italian, is being made into a new man. The operation will require two years to complete successfully, but Calabro is willing and is bearing the pain with remarkable stoicism. He is being supplied with a new forehead, new eyelids, new cheeks, a new nose, lips and finally a new neck with new skin over all, the parts being grafted on after removal from other parts of his body. The operation, if successful, will mark an epoch as a cure of one of the most severe and protracted cases of that strange disease, kaleoids. The disease came on Calabro after he was injured in a powder explosion at Waymouth about a year ago. While the cause of kaleoids is unknown, the only cure is to cut away the entire growth and graft new skin.

### Sliding Snow Kills Mine Owner.

Telluride, Colo.—A monster snow-slide broke loose at the top of the range on the east side of the Bear Creek basin, sweeping down the mountainside and across the creek to the base of the opposite mountain. It demolished the cabin of August Hellene, killing him. Hellene was a Swede, about 40 years of age, and was part owner in the Mammoth and Buckhorn group of claims.

### Shoots Two Brothers.

Florence, Colo.—John Gehr, former organizer for the United Mine Workers, shot John Thomas and his brother, Tom Thomas, the latter being fatally wounded. The affair occurred in Tarradine's saloon, where the trio had been drinking. Gehr first shot John Thomas. The latter's brother procured a shotgun and fired at Gehr and missed. Gehr then shot his assailant.

# Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.



# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Statistics for the year in Russia show a large balance in red.

It is declared that fleas cause pneumonia. Of course you must first catch your flea.

Miss Tarbell thinks it could all be cured by simply telling the truth. So it would, but—

It is a nice thing once in a while to say nice things about men while they can hear them.

The government has a suspicion that some of the eastern trunk lines have been playing pool again.

Dramatic art, says Orloff, the Russian actor, seeks to make suffering fashionable. Humanitarianism seeks to diminish it.

It would be interesting to know the name of the person who succeeded in passing off a bad half dollar on Mrs. Hettie Green.

Russell Sage says if he could do it over again he would make charity a life study. But then he wouldn't be Russell Sage.

"Self-supporting Home" is the title of a new book. If it can "make good," it is the book for which mankind has been waiting these 6,000 years.

Last year in New York City two hundred and thirty million dollars were expended in building—an amount that would rear a city of considerable size.

New Haven has a bachelors' club which was organized to repel woman-kind. There is nothing to indicate, however, that its members are in danger of a siege.

An English specialist in mental diseases advises "bridge" for women. It prevents insanity. A pair of knitting needles and some yarn would be more effective; also a washtub.

The experience of Chinese reformers teaches that those young men who want to make a republic of their country should postpone action till after the death of the empress dowager.

The London Saturday Review thinks that war is less immoral and shocking to the finer senses than an election. We infer that our contemporary does not like the outcome of the present British contest.

The report that Russell Sage said if he had his life to live over again he would give more to charity, proves to have been incorrect. What Mr. Sage did say was that he "would give more study to charity."

Argentina's exports of wheat for the calendar year 1905 exceed 113,000,000 bushels, compared with about 93,000,000 bushels in 1904, which up to that time exceeded all previous records. The new crop is expected to prove much larger than the last, and exports for the year may reach 130,000,000 bushels or so. Evidently that country is undergoing a rapid development and may very soon permanently supersede the United States in the world's grain trade.

It is well known that a corpse is not property, but what about an extracted tooth? So far as we know the point has not arisen in the courts of this country. At Gera, in Germany, however, it has just been decided that the tooth still belongs to the man after it has left his jaw. The dentist contended that a tooth evicted from occupancy with the full consent of its landlord became ownerless and derelict and as the particular tooth in question was curiously shaped he proposed to keep it. But the patient also wished to have it. And the patient won.

They have solved the problem of literary censorship in China by punishing the reader, as well as the writer, of an objectionable book. The latter is rewarded for his efforts by 100 blows with a heavy bamboo rod and banishment for life, and, while the punishment of the reader is not so severe, it is sufficiently strong to act as a deterrent. The appetite for forbidden fruit is, apparently, under much better control in the land of the celestials than it is in this country, where everybody is a literary law unto himself and where the suggestion that a book is somewhat off color generally results in its getting into the lists as one of the season's best sellers.

In what James J. Hill, the great railroad man, has had to say recently about the future of this country there is an echo of Lord Macaulay's famous omen. Mr. Hill asks, "Where are the immigrants rushing to our shores to end up?" and answers, "Not on the land. We have no more to offer them. They must crowd into the cities." Lord Macaulay said that the real test of American institutions would come when this country should be as densely populated as Europe. As a matter of fact, Lord Macaulay had no reason and James J. Hill has hardly more reason to indulge in pessimistic prophecies of the future of this country. It is the opinion of the best informed students of all the conditions of living here that there is comfortable room for at least

two or three times the present population of the United States.

The fact that 9,982 suicides were reported in the United States last year, a figure surpassing the total of any previous twelvemonth, is a dark picture, but there's a mildly bright side to it. An expanding suicide rate is a part of the price paid for an advancing civilization. Suicide follows civilization as regularly as trade follows the flag. And the reason is plain enough. The more highly organized the social order becomes the greater is the number of man's wants and desires and the greater grows the likelihood that if they are unsatisfied he will prefer death to continued life. Moreover, as civilization moves forward the sense of dishonor, of remorse and of disappointment becomes keener—and these emotions frequently incite self-destruction. Still further, high civilization promotes delicacy of nervous organization and consequently exposes the individual to mental disorder.

Did you ever try to realize how many of your everyday actions, mental and physical, are entirely involuntary and determined by some previous impression or habit? Do you know that in the commonest things of life we are all slaves to habit—such abject slaves as not even to suspect our slavery? Can you tell, for instance, whether you habitually put on the right shoe or the left shoe first? Can you tell on the instant which of the two you have habitually taken off all your life? Maybe it is easier for you to realize that you have been using only one side of a certain street. Men and women who walk to their business every day for years fall into favorite routes that they follow mechanically. The ordinary housewife must have her sugar bowl in a certain spot on a certain shelf or her whole house seems out of order. The meal not ready at the regular time puts the entire family in ill-temper. These are only a few of the innumerable little habits that make up nine-tenths of what we call living. Not an impression, not an emotion, not an opinion, not a resolution, not an action is possible to us that is not influenced, colored and directed by fixed conditions within ourselves—habit of body or mind. You cannot do, or say, or think, or feel anything without leaving a definite mark on the nervous organism which more or less affects all succeeding action or speech or thought or feeling. Nerve and muscle and brain cell all grow to the modes in which they have been exercised. If you are not forming habits in one direction you are forming them in another; all your activities are making channels in which your energy flows toward good or evil. Depravity is not an inheritance, but a character formed by persistent evil habits. Vices, at first like cobwebs, become at last like cables. Habit works either way with equal force. A generous deed promotes a succession of generous deeds. Virtue sweetens and becomes second nature. Habits are not without their advantages. Many a man has freely employed his mind in mapping out his day's work while his habit is putting on his shoes. There are disadvantages as well. Many a man has hopelessly planned and nobly striven for high success while his habits were dragging him to failure. It is useless to try to avoid forming habits. It cannot be done; and, anyway, mere negative virtue is poor stuff. Better fill your life full of good habits. They make character, and character makes destiny. Bad habits are chains holding us as prisoners. Good habits are like a well-made harness, enabling us to do our work in the world without friction or waste of energy.

**Generous Margin.**  
The man who likes to look in shop-windows stopped at the sight of a large pitcher in the center of a collection of andirons, pewter porringers, brass candlesticks and iron stills.  
The pitcher was adorned with a head of George Washington, decidedly askew and none too clear. At the side of this treasure stood a placard bearing these words:  
"One of the fine genuine George Washington pitchers, known to be 140 years old."  
Preparing for one of his frequent pleasures, the gentleman stepped into the antique shop and accosted the dealer.  
"Now see here," he said, agreeably, "that George Washington pitcher is dated too far back. A hundred and forty years ago people weren't making George Washington pitchers. They didn't even know then that he was going to be the Father of his Country. You must be more careful."  
"I am the most particular man in this business," said the old dealer, with dignity. "The man that I bought that pitcher from told me it had been in his family since 1750. I thought he might be exaggerating, and I made an allowance of fifteen years. How much more should you expect me to do?"

**Exorbitant.**  
"I tell you what," said the man who did the family marketing, "the price of beef is something fierce these days."  
"That's what!" exclaimed the amateur sportsman. "I shot a cow a couple of weeks ago and the farmer charged me something frightful."  
Philadelphia Press.

**There Were Others.**  
"And is there no hope for me?" dejectedly asked the rejected suitor.  
"Oh, of course there is hope for you," replied the fair girl. "There are surely lots of girls in the world who are not as particular as I am."—Philadelphia Press.

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Philadelphia Press.

## STRAY CAT TO THE RESCUE.

Woke Up His Young Protector and Saved the Boy's Life.

Seven-year-old Harry Steinhilf is the bright particular star around the corner of 8th avenue and 43d street. Even the dogs and cats in the neighborhood know him, for he always stops to pet them. Thereby hangs the tale of how Spunk, a common neighborhood cat, saved the Steinhilf family from death. One night Harry Steinhilf saw Spunk slinking along between the trucks in the street and promptly rescued him for a romp in the Steinhilf kitchen, says the New York World.

After supper the cat sneaked under the gas range and stretched out for a warm sleep in a dry nook. Little Harry, with sticks in his weary eyes, climbed upstairs to bed.

There are eight members of the family, six of them children. Harry is the baby. Because it was a drear night the gas was left burning in one jet of the range to keep the house warm. In the morning Spunk woke up early and took a turn around the kitchen hoping to find something to eat. Just then the gas went out in the range.

The gas began to flow into the room and Spunk was frightened at the uncanny smell. A moment later little Harry, cuddled up in his bed upstairs, with the doors all open into the kitchen, felt something land on the bed with a bounce, and a second later the soft, purring nose of Spunk was nudging his chin.

Harry sat up with a scream of fright that brought his father and mother into the room in their night clothes.

Spunk was also sitting up in bed, looking excited.

"The cat pumped on the bed and frightened me!" said Harry.

Just then Mr. Steinhilf smelled the gas pouring up the stairway and ran down to investigate. The kitchen was stifling with the odor, and the man hastily threw up the windows.

Patrolman Hembt, of the West 47th street station, heard the windows bang up and ran up, suspecting burglars. One look into the kitchen and a sniff and he ran out to call an ambulance from Roosevelt hospital. There was nothing for the surgeon to do, however.

"Spunk can stay with us as long as he lives," said Mrs. Steinhilf later.

## Prevent a Ship's Rolling.

A German engineer, Otto Schlick, has for several years studied the oscillation of vessels most carefully, and after considerable research and calculation has reached the conclusion that the motion can be greatly reduced through using a gyroscopic mechanism. The gyroscope is a well-known piece of physical apparatus and resembles a top, being a heavy wheel or disk so supported that it can revolve rapidly on any plane. It is found, however, that such a disk when once set in motion tends to remain on its original plane and resists a force tending to displace it.

Herr Schlick, therefore, proposes to steady ships at sea by mounting a gyroscope in the hold and his first experiments on a large scale have been undertaken with an old torpedo boat. In this craft a gyroscope with a disk weighing 1,036 pounds was mounted with a steam turbine which could rotate it at a speed of over 2,000 revolutions per minute. The oscillations and pitching of the vessel were carefully measured before the steam was admitted to the turbine and then when the gyroscope was put in revolution the motion practically ceased. So successful were these experiments with the sixty-ton torpedo boat that it has been decided to proceed with a larger craft.—Harper's Weekly.

## Will Think a Match.

British thinkers, rebelling against the custom of awarding great prizes to college athletes and neglecting the thinkers, have proposed and are urging throughout the kingdom a "blue ribbon for brains," an interuniversity contest between the thinkers and students, for an award of merit.

The neglect of brains and the constant neglect of brawn in the press of Britain, as well as in university circles, has called forth the protest and the demand for recognition and reward of the brainy men of the great schools. Just what form the thinking match for the championship is to assume is not stated. Those who are urging the contest plead that nine men from each of the great universities meet in the contests. Whether it will consist of looking wise, or in oratory, or written examinations in certain subjects, they do not state. The contest may take the form of the standing long jump, or the running high jump, or the two minute handicap think, or the long distance think.

At any rate, the proposition is to make the event the blue ribbon thinking match of all England and to show the thinkers that they are esteemed as high at least as the athletes. Who will be the first champion thinker of Great Britain is a question of vital interest.

## A Friendly Act.

"Isn't Maud's new hat a perfect fright?" exclaimed the blonde girl.  
"Awful! The worst I ever saw!" said the girl with the chocolate.

"Wonder where she bought it?" queried the first.

"At Binker & Dink's. I helped her pick it out," answered she of the chocolates, triumphantly.—Tit-Bits.

There is one thing about a fascinator: It never fascinates.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## INCOMPETENCE IN THE NAVY.

THE colliding and grounding in New York harbor of three of Uncle Sam's biggest fighting machines show our navy is not properly officered. From \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 of the people's money is invested in each of these boats. Extreme care should be exercised in their handling so that the period of usefulness be made the greatest possible. Yet in our own waters, beneath a fair sky and, with a high tide running, these warships had to be grounded to avoid sending one or more to the bottom and, while in this fix, another was rammed.

A sufficient excuse for this inefficiency will be hard to find. Our warships are neither pressed for time nor tide; they can stay at anchorage until fogs and tempestuous seas disappear and until there is water enough in shallow places to get out safely into the offing. Such flimsy pretext as not having a pilot on each vessel or that the water in the channel was at low tide will not answer. The truth is the boats were so close together and going so fast that the slightest interruption in speed was certain to result disastrously. These ships are fitted with every modern device to lessen speed in an emergency but the proximity was such that even these safeguards were unavailable. The Kentucky's sides were rammed so badly that it will require a month to repair the damage. The wonder is that she escaped going down. Only for a quick reversal of the engines in the Alabama the consequences would have been tragic.

The friends of an enlarged navy are cast down by the inexcusable blunder in New York bay. At a time when Congress was being importuned to vote large sums for new warships this collision takes place to throw cold water on their urging. The question at once presents itself: Is it worth while to authorize new ships when those in commission are in incompetent hands? Would it not be wise to spend money to make officers capable and trustworthy before making additions to our naval strength, only to have the new boats served by those unfitted for the task?—Utica Globe.

## WE ARE NOT "GOING TO THE DOGS."

ANY have got an idea, from the sensational announcements of measures under way, that the people of this country are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the great financial and industrial interests.

The people have been pictured as being strangled in the tentacles of hideous octopi until many seriously believe that to be their real condition. That there are wrongs in big business enterprises and in small, there can be no question. That wise remedies might better the condition of all is not to be doubted.

But that this country is going to the demitition bows unless things are promptly turned upside down and inside out is poppycock. The whole business structure rests and has always rested on the conviction that men will fulfill their obligations and deal fairly. This is the foundation of credit. Ninety-five per cent of the total business transactions of this country are carried on, not in cash, but in credit based on that conviction, showing how general it is and how firm.

Confidence, not suspicion, is and must be the prevailing tone of the business world.



## PA JONES

"What is the cause of all this barking, madame? What is the cause of all this barking?" exclaimed Pa Jones, as he impetuously rushed in to the happy home and threw his hat and coat on the hall rack instead of the usual spot on the west end of the piano.

"One might think that this house was a koodle pound! One might think that you were giving an imitation of a canine chorus in the good old dog days! Have you all taken cold at the same time? Did you find a job lot of influenza on a bargain counter, and buy the whole business? I heard you whooping it up a mile down the street! I heard you above the din of the trolleys! There is no mistaking the sweet contralto sneeze of your dear mother! There is no mistaking—"

"Don't get overheated, you nice old yaps!" interrupted Pa, savagely throwing his eagle eyes on the esteemed Henry. "There is no use having a rush of blood to the vacant room in your dome! It isn't my fault because we have all taken cold! It isn't my fault because you were so close-listed that you wouldn't get weather strips for the doors! But it will be my fault if we don't get cured, and that pretty quick! So you just sneak to the phone and call up the doctor! He wasn't in when I—"

"What's that, madame? What's that, Mrs. Jones?" was the shoutful interjection of Pa. "Please sing that again so that I can catch the tune! Kindly hum it again so that I will know when to come in on the dance act! Do you think that I am going to encourage a doctor in a game of graft like that? Do you imagine for one moment that I am going to pay a medical gezer at the rate of two dollars a head just to come here and tell you all to dress warm and keep your feet dry? Not on your life, angel wife! Not on your life! I will be the doctor! I will be his squillful nbs! I will—"

"Is that so, Mr. Jones?" rejoined Ma, in a palpitating tone. "Well, don't you think it! Don't you even dream it! You can take all the patent slush wash that you want to, from speckled hair dye down to painless corn ointment, but I want you to distinctly understand that you can't give me any of your coon song and banjo cough cure, even if a thousand testimonials do come with every dose! I am—"

"What's the matter with you, woman? What's the matter with you?" yelpfully responded Pa, with a pretzel look on his pained features. "Don't you suppose that I know how to make cough medicine? Don't you suppose I know the ingredients of a cure that would make a hospital look like the first aid to the injured? Who ever heard of calling in a doctor to tinker a cough when I was a boy? Who ever heard of going to bed with a cold and having bouquets and scented notes of sympathy sent you down on the farm? No one, madame! No one! You simply stay in the house long enough to take a little homemade syrup and then go out and monkey in the snow to keep down the fever! I have had more cold spells than you could find in a Beef Trust refrigerator, and all that my good old mother ever did was to saturate me with kerosene and feed me on molasses and vinegar, and—"

"I can easily believe it, you sweet crook!" broke in the taunting Ma, contemptuously. "You are full of kerosene yet, and—"

"Silence, woman! Silence, lovey-dovey!" thundered Pa, ragefully, glaring at his devoted Mary. "You have said enough! You have sprinkled on a little of the Smith extra! How dare you throw the harpoon into the time-honored methods of my good old mother? How dare you pose as an authority on therapeutics? What right have you—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, shut up, you squawkful quawk!" shouted Ma, with evident annoyance. "You are worse than a chirpful singing society! Why don't you forget your grouch and 'phone for the doctor! Why don't—"

"I won't shut up, dear soul! I won't shut up!" returned Pa, explosively, as he started for the kitchen, followed by Ma. "I refuse to be muzzled! I refuse to permit the Smiths to run the roost! I am the main guy of this gang, and I am going to prove to you the efficacy of my good old mother's medicine. I am going to make you eat crow! I am going to stew up some of that syrup as a matter of vindication! Where do you keep your pans? Norah, get me the molasses! You may also trot out the vinegar! Now, then, Smithy, take a look and get wise to the ways of domestic remedies! You will notice that as these ingredients begin to sizzle I begin to stir! You will—Norah, bring me a hunk of butter and a lump of lard! That's right, now, get a hustle on you and fetch a dash of mustard, some ginger, and—"

"Aren't you a smart old hero?" interposed Ma, sarcastically, as she watched the mixful Henry. "Why

ing tone of the business world. The proceedings of the bankruptcy court show strikingly that the great majority of business failures are not tainted by dishonesty or dishonor.

We hear more about delinquencies of all sorts than we did when the facilities for gathering news were meager. And every little village and country crossroads even has its self-appointed oracle, who may not know enough to earn a dollar and a half a day, but who imagines he clearly understands the most intricate mysteries of great business enterprises involving millions of capital and employing tens of thousands of men, and noisily preaches the doctrine that great success is great fraud.

But the broader minded optimist sees that justice, honor and honesty are the normal condition—that they rule as a matter of course in social and business relations. Millions of instances in which they are in evidence never appear under startling headlines of a newspaper. They are far too ordinary to constitute "news."

An honest man creates no sensation as he passes along the street attending to legitimate business, but the thief in custody attracts a crowd.—Des Moines News.

## EVIL OF TOO MANY CHURCHES.

AMERICA has too many churches. Towns which might be well administered spiritually by one clergyman or two have six, eight or ten. No one of the six or more congregations can pay for a good preacher. Few of them can pay all the cost of any preacher, however poor. Nor can any one of them pay for all the time of their spiritual leader. So only very young men are to be had, and the demands upon their time cover so wide a territory that preaching must be almost entirely disregarded. One of the clergymen observes tersely and justly: "No business could flourish by that method and few churches can."—Washington Times.

## THE TELEPHONE IN THE COUNTRY.

AN important phase of the rural invasion of the telephone has been its perceptible effect on the value of lands. It is on record that two or three years after the establishment of lines through the country districts the prices of lands begin to rise rapidly; immigrants come in with greater freedom; hamlets develop into towns; cross-roads develop into hamlets—and in the meantime quotations for wild and improved lands are steadily advancing. The thing is, of course, too new as yet to permit any broadcast prophecy in this direction, but the healthful trend is already apparent.—Atlanta Constitution.

## MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

IT is very difficult to say what laws regulate proposals—why some girls attract attention only, while others attract "attentions." There are pretty and popular women to whom nobody proposes; there are plainer ones with whom every second man finds himself contemplating marriage.—Lady's Realm.

don't you put in a little shoe polish and sand soap? Why don't you—"

"Who is doing this, madame? Who is doing this?" was the snarling rejoinder of Pa. "Who is conducting this laboratory? Who is so kindly exhausting his chemical knowledge to cure your dear mother's cold when she ought to be Oserized? Why don't you take a sneak? Why don't you vanish like other ghosts? Why don't you attend to your own business, and be thankful that you have a guardian angel named Jones to look after you?"

So saying Pa resumed work on his syrup, and did not deign to notice the bunch of flattering compliments that Ma generously threw at him.

The cough cure was finally cooked to Pa's satisfaction, and after it had been properly cooled and bottled, the amateur chemist seized a tablespoon and smilingly turned to Ma.

"Call your mother, Mrs. Jones! Call your mother!" he effusively cried. "Call little Fido, Sis, Edythe and everybody else who has been contributing to the barkful chorus! But first I will do what no other doctor does! I will take a dose of my own medicine to show you that I have faith in its virtue! You will observe that I pour out a tablespoonful! You will also observe that I fearlessly put it in my mouth and—Wow! Holy smoke! Help, Mary! Help! Turn on the hose! Crack up a ton of ice! Yell for the fire department! Water! Water! More water! I am burning to death! I have taken something that tastes like tabasco! I have swallowed lava from Mount Vesuvius! Run for a doctor, dearest! Run for—"

"It's just good for you, you officious brute!" put in the unsympathetic Ma, with a triumphant gleam in her wifely eyes. "I don't pity you one bit! You haven't got any more than was coming to you! I saw you dumping a pound of cayenne pepper in that cough cure instead of ginger, but I couldn't interfere with the mixture that your mother used to make!"

Pa Jones did not reply at the time. He was too busy sucking water out of the reservoir regardless of microbes. But at the end of two hours, when he felt physically cooler and mentally hotter, the good old family battle began in earnest, and continued until long after a real doctor had prescribed for Mother-in-Law Smith and the other coughful cases.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

We don't understand why the woman who has so much trouble keeping one servant, ever wants to be rich when she would have the trouble multiplied by six or eight.



## AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

No clever, brilliant thinker she,  
With college record and degree;  
She has not known the paths of fame,  
The world has never heard her name;  
She walks in old, long-trodden ways,  
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love is her dower—  
She seeks no other wand of power  
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,  
To win a smile and wipe a tear,  
And do her duty day by day  
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined,  
As round some reverend saint enshrined,  
And following hers the childish feet  
Are led to ideals true and sweet,  
And find all purity and good  
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still—  
God rules the world in good and ill;  
Men for her creed are brave and true,  
And women pure as pearls of dew.  
And life for her is high and grand,  
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This old earth's a brighter place  
All for the sunshine of her face;  
Her very smile a blessing throws,  
And he who is happier where she goes,  
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,  
To whisper love—thank God for her!  
—Congregationalist.

## The Intercessor.

THEO sat alone on the veranda in the moonlight. Back in the little sitting-room, father and Aunt Em had made a fire in the grate, and sat before it playing chess. They felt the cold even on a late May night, and moonlight had ceased to charm them.

Upstairs there was a light in Kathleen's room. Theo knew, because she could see the yellow streak of it on the white wall of the next house. Suddenly it vanished, and Kathleen, singing, came downstairs and whisked out at the door, with her long, loose coat over her arm. She caught a glimpse of her sister out of the corner of her eye and turned.

"Theo, I'm just going over to Maud's



"ANY ROOM FOR ME?"

for a moment. You tell Aunt Em if she asks where I am, will you?"

"Yes, I will."

Kathleen went on. Theo watched her light chaffs twinkle up the street in the shadow of the old maples, then she shifted the pillows in the hammock and curled down among them, with a sigh. How nice it must seem to be as young as Kathleen, and as pretty! It did seem queer that all of mother's beauty should have gone direct to her sister—the wonderful blue eyes, the lovely hair, sheer gold in the sunlight and delightfully mysterious in shadow, the complexion just like the heart of a peach blossom. Theo believed that Kathleen had never walked down-street in her life that some one did not say of her: "Isn't she pretty?" Even the children admired her. Theo had seen the raggedest bits on River street stand and stare as Kathleen passed. Well, no one ever looked at her particularly. She wondered why she had to be born four years ahead of Kathleen, and get only a sallow skin, a mass of untidy dark hair, and eyes like a Japanese girl's for her inheritance.

Theo could not remember a time when she had not been conscious of her defects, and the consciousness had grown with years. There was one bitter moment in her life which she would not forget if she lived to be a hundred. It happened long ago, when she was thirteen and Kathleen nine or so. There was to be a children's party in the neighborhood, and she and Kathleen were going in gowns new expressly for the occasion. Aunt Em had helped them dress, and, when they were done from top to toe, she had taken Kathleen's small face between her hands and kissed it.

"You're the prettiest thing I ever saw," she said. Theo ran up to her.

"Oh, Aunt Em, ain't I pretty, too?" she had cried. Aunt Em turned and looked at her, with a sigh. Theo could feel yet the sharp jab of that sigh into her heart. It told her everything.

Yet Kathleen, for all her beauty, was no great favorite with her companions. She was always having her small feelings injured, and needed some one to apply spiritual aniline and court-plaster. As Bob said—Bob was their cousin, and spoke with the wisdom of several years' seniority—Kathleen went about constantly with an urgent want advertisement out for general comforter and peacemaker, a position which Theo accepted finally as being peculiarly fitted for it. If Kathleen knew, she did not appreciate what Theo was to her, either then or now that they were both grown up. It was to Theo that Kathleen's beaux came, one after another,

telling their stories and begging her speak a good word for them. For Kathleen was as difficult in love as she had been in friendship, and her sharp tongue wounded indiscriminately.

"Dan Kiernan?" she would say. "That great hulking fellow for me? Why, his feet are so big he has to go out-of-doors every time he wants to turn round. No, thank you, Theo. I'm going to wait until the right man comes. And he won't come from this place, either. He won't be a Dan Kiernan or a Harry Moulton or a Jack Sherer. He'll be some one worth having. You'll see!"

Theo did not care when Kathleen spoke thus of Dan Kiernan or Harry Moulton, but she winced over Jack Sherer's name. Of course he couldn't help loving Kathleen. Who could? But he was not positively abject before her, as were the others, and so far he had never tried to secure Theo as his intercessor. She was glad of it. She could console and sympathize with and receive the confidences of the others, but with him somehow—and then it came to her that, however you looked at it, it was hard that from all her lovers Kathleen could not spare one, and that one for whom she herself cared nothing, and Theo cared so much!

She sighed again and stirred in the hammock restlessly. Something warm and wet rolled out from under her eyelids upon the thin sleeve that clad the arm doubled under her head.

"I'm so tired of it," she whispered to herself,—"so tired of smiling and smoothing and sympathizing with other people's love affairs. If only some one some time would come to me that I could cry before and complain to ever so little!"

A sound of whistling smote her like a pain. It seemed too glad and careless for her ears just then. On it came out of the distance, down the street, in at the gate, and straight up to the veranda. There it stopped. Theo rose up in the hammock and looked. A man bare-headed, stood full in the moonlight peering into the shadow after her. When she stirred, he saw the white little lump in the hammock and spoke.

"Good evening, Theo." He came up the steps, two at a time. "Any room in the hammock for me, too, without disturbing yourself? If there isn't, just say so. I can be comfortable anywhere."

"Oh, there's room," Theo moved along to the extreme end and began nervously to fumble with the pillows. She had never been so surprised in her life. To think that Jack actually—but of course it could mean but one thing. He had come at last, like the rest, to ask about Kathleen.

He sat down beside her and arranged the pillows himself. He was a little fellow, with red cheeks and a boyish laugh, but his eyes were wonderfully far-seeing and keen. He had never been so near before. Theo wondered if he could hear her heart beat.

"I met Kathleen up the street," Jack said. "She was going into Maud Ballo's, I think. She told me where I'd find you."

Theo understood. Well—"How are you, Theo? Have you said 'good evening' yet? I wasn't sure that I had heard you."

"No, I haven't. I—haven't had time." And then Theo laughed with embarrassment. Her little speech had sounded so unlike herself. Jack laughed, too, very unsteadily, she thought, and stared out across the railing. Suddenly he turned and looked at her determinedly.

"I'm going away, Theo, did you know it?" he said.

Theo gasped and fell back. Going away! She had never dreamed of such a thing.

"Are you?" she tried to say.

"Yes, I am. I'll tell you why. I can't afford to stay on here and work for nothing, even though—even though by doing so I can be near the dearest girl in the world." His voice broke. "If I'm ever going to have her, I've got to be looking round for a job that will keep two instead of one. I guess I've found one now. Of course it's going to be hard to leave, but I can't help it. I've got to earn more money if—if—" He braced up. "That's what I've come to talk to you about, Theo. I was glad Kathleen wasn't at home. I wanted to see you just alone."

"Yes," Theo sighed. They all said that or something like it. She had prayed that Jack might not come to her; but now that he had come she would do the best she could by him and Kathleen. He went on stumblingly.

"You see, Theo, you see— Well, I declare I had just what I wanted to say all thought out, but it's left me completely. What do fellows say in times like this, Theo?"

He looked at her appealingly. Theo took firm hold on her feelings and began:

"Well, they usually begin by saying they've always known me, or known me a good while, or like that, you know, and they're sure"—would the words ever come easily?—"that I will sympathize with them, and they can safely tell me all that's in their hearts. And then they do. And afterward they usually end up by asking me if I think there's any hope for them, and if I won't—oh, dear!" She dropped her face into her hands.

There was an instant's silence, and then Jack said, slowly:

"That sounds very nice, but I don't think it's just what I want, Theo. Besides, I—I never thought that you'd had so much experience, you know. You've always seemed so shy and quiet, so different, somehow, from other girls. Of course I understand

that you've had the same answer for all of these, but, Theo, don't you think you could possibly have a different one for me?"

He bent forward and found her hand. Something in his voice and touch and eyes, seemed dimly, set Theo bewildered. She looked at him all amazed.

"I wish I could," she said, miserably.

"You wish you could. Can't you, darling? Remember I love you as perhaps no one else ever has or will."

"Me! O Jack! you don't mean me?" Theo cried out, beginning to realize.

His arm went round her.

"Who else?" he asked, gently.

Theo was distracted.

"Why, I thought you meant Kathleen. They've all been to me first,—Harry and Dan and the rest. Didn't you know?"

He shook his head, watching her with happy eyes.

"Are you sure you don't mean Kathleen?" she pleaded.

He laughed softly.

"Why, I've never thought of Kathleen. It's you I've had in mind from the very beginning. I see now what I've always wondered at, why you used to run off and leave her and me together every time I came. At first I thought you didn't like me, then I made up my mind you were only shy, and I'd have you, anyway. I think I've been pretty patient, Theo. I've courted your father and Aunt Em and Kathleen, all three, for nearly a year in an effort to reach you. No wonder I've been misunderstood. But what can a man do when the girl he wants won't help him a bit? Well, I don't care, anyway, if only I've succeeded, and it looks some as if I had, doesn't it, sweetheart?"

He drew her close, and his face touched hers.

"Doesn't it?" he repeated.

And Theo whispered:

"Yes."—Waverley Magazine.

## MISS SANDERSON'S COAT.

It Didn't Really Suit, So It Had to Be Returned.

Julia Sanderson gazed doubtfully at the stylish figure reflected in the long mirror.

"Yes, it fits well," she said, "but it isn't the cut that I wanted. I don't know—I suppose that I could exchange it if I don't like it?"

"We are always willing to exchange garments if they haven't been worn," the salesgirl replied, "but I'm sure that you would like this. It is of the best material made."

Something—some suppressed eagerness in the voice—made Miss Sanderson glance at the other girl. She saw a meager little creature with troubled eyes and a shy, nervous manner—the worst kind of a manner, for her work. Julia's friends called her "too impulsive," and one of her impulses moved her then.

"I'll take it," she cried, with sudden decision.

"Oh," the girl cried, a soft color flushing her face, "I'm sure you'll like it!" She just caught back in time the "I'm so glad!" on the tip of her tongue. The lovely young lady could not guess what it meant to her to make one good sale.

Julia had seen the look and went home in a comfortable glow of self-approval; but when the coat appeared the glow faded to doubt.

"I believe I'll slip it on and see what Dell Armstrong says about it," she resolved. "That won't be wearing it—it will only be deciding whether I'll keep it."

It was a long way to Dell Armstrong's, but Julia returned decided. Dell had agreed that the coat did not become her and must go back. Julia was folding it to put into the box when a spot on the under side of the sleeve caught her eye, and with a rush of dismay she remembered that Dell's little daughter had climbed into her lap with a candy in her hand. For a moment she hesitated, then she closed the box resolutely. She did not know that the spot was not there all the time; and anyway, they knew how to clean things at Barnard's. It would not make any difference to them.

So Julia carried the cloak back. The little salesgirl grew white when she saw her, but she only asked, mechanically, "It hasn't been worn, of course?"

"I merely tried it on to decide," Julia answered. The girl's face irradiated her—as if exchanging things was not part of their business! When the credit slip was given her she hurried away with a sigh of relief; the disagreeable business was over at last.

But it was not quite. That night the girl known as No. 6 was called to the office. A cloak sold by her had been returned damaged, the forewoman reported; the firm could not keep saleswomen who were so careless of its interests. No. 6 without a word took the envelope with her week's wages and turned away. She staggered on the way out, but there was no one to

Over to Dell Armstrong's Julia Sanderson was discussing the kind of coat she really needed.—Youth's Companion.

## Over-Burdened.

The Book Agent—Been running behind your schedule for the last three or four days, haven't you?

The Rural Mail-Carrier (as pleasantly as possible)—Yep! Semi-annual sowing of greengoods circulars is now on.—Puck.

## The D-deuce!

"Johnny, you're lazy."

"Aw, ma, I ain't neither."

"Yes, you are. Do you know who it is that finds things for idle hands to do?"

"Yes'm. You do."—Cleveland Leader.

## COST OF A COUNT.

Anna Gould's Investment in a Titled Husband Has Been Expensive.

Another international marriage, which at the time of its contraction, eleven years ago, created a widespread interest, is now undergoing the solvent process of the divorce court. When Anna Gould, with the \$18,000,000 left her by her father, the late Jay Gould, of "black Friday" memory, captured the title of Countess Boni de Castellane and with it an insignificant mite of a husband, proud, aristocratic and poor, the society world of the metropolis and the eastern seaboard applauded and had something to talk about for a day. Now the same society, rapid and vainglorious, has even a more delectable morsel to ruminate, for the Countess of Castellane has instituted proceedings in France for absolute divorce from her dissipated and money-squandering husband. The fate of the three children—George, Boni and Jay—will await the decree.

The troubles of the Castellanes, both marital and financial, have been many. The present rupture is merely a case of the last straw breaking the back of the camel. Undoubtedly the countess has been patient and long suffering, else she would have seized the opportunity many times presented before of ending a union which must have been a burden. But for the sake of her children, perhaps for the sake of appearances, possibly with the faint spark of a hope that "the little French powder puff," as her husband had been dubbed, might turn a new leaf and realize the responsibilities of his position, she kept the grinning skeleton in the Castellane mansion screened from public view. Now the repulsive skeleton struts out with all its hideousness revealed.

Of all the American Investments in Old World titles, Anna Gould's has

of this. In his boudoir he has the bed used by Napoleon on the night of his coronation, and the rest of his private quarters had decorations in keeping with the bed. One of his bills was for \$10,000 for a small set of tapestry furniture.

For three Caladon vases with old French mounts he gave \$16,000, for a set of two Rose du Barry jardinières and two plates of the same pattern \$10,000; and for two pairs of Louis XV. gilt candlesticks \$4,000. One bill he received for \$104,000 covered a Louis XIV. table in dove marble, a pair of old Sevres vases, a Louis XIV. entre-deux, a pair of old French silver vases and several minor articles.

For the pleasure of insulting President Loubet he paid \$100,000 to engage Montjarret, once the postilion of the French Republic. Montjarret became the little Count's outrider, simply because Boni didn't like the republic or the President, and he was willing to pay Montjarret's price. The outrider had led the processions of all the French presidents since Grevy, and he was always cheered when he appeared at the head of a state procession.

It is the intention of the Countess when rid of her matrimonial barnacle to bring her children to this country and take up her permanent abode. This will leave the Count absolutely stranded, for the decree will cut off the Count from any legal interest in the Gould fortune. The debts, however, which have already been contracted by the Castellanes, living as husband and wife, will, it is said, be discharged by the Countess and her family here.

## GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT.

Son of the Great Commander Is Made Major General.

General Frederick Dent Grant, who has been promoted to the rank of major general, is the eldest son of the

## LOVE OF TITLE WRECKED.



—Indianapolis Sun.

probably been the most costly. Reduced to cold figures the price of her title has been approximately \$2,017 each and every day for the eleven years they have been married, or the equivalent every four weeks of President Roosevelt's salary for a year.

The Count has smugly spent \$4 for a cherry and cheerfully given enough to pay the bonded indebtedness of a small city for a piece of bric-a-brac. He has made for himself a reputation as a spender that caused the famous literary men of this and other capitals to write about him, and he has inflamed the Parisian populace more than once so that he has had to placate the city by great gifts to charity.

One of his little foibles was a vaudeville performance given at Auteuil when, for 350 guests, he presented an all star bill, no act of which cost him less than \$500.

For his world-famed mansion on the avenue Bois de Boulogne, known as the "Red Palace," Boni spent more money than he can ever accurately tell. He liked the location so well that he paid \$740,000 for the land alone, and before he had got through he had produced a palace that any king in Europe might envy.

One of the details of the palace is a set of fountains built in the garden, which he could run for ten minutes at the trifling cost of \$1,000. Then he got the idea that he wanted to be a yachtsman, so he bought the yacht Valhalla for \$200,000 and planned to sail her on a scale that totaled \$150,000 a year. Later he had to sell this story, but that's another part of his story.

When he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies he felt so good-natured that he gave a feast that would have made Lucullus turn green. The bill was \$200,000. He seemed to like that amount, for it figures frequently in his accounts.

The costly addition to the Gould family thought it might be useful to know the time occasionally, and he decided to have one of the finest clocks in France. When the art dealers heard of this they started to procure what he wanted. In the end he paid \$60,000 for a Sevres creation, and it is said that for a year a clockmaker had the task of making it keep time.

For his Countess he bought a tortoise shell wardrobe in which Louis Seize once kept his royal robes. About \$280,000 is said to have been the cost

late General Ulysses S. Grant, the hero of the Civil War. During the Spanish war he fought in Porto Rico, and later distinguished himself in the Philippines. He has been minister to Austria and more recently held the position of police commissioner of New York. General Grant was born at St. Louis in 1820, was graduated from West Point in 1843, and for a time was lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A. He was only 12 years old when his



GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT.

father took him to the front, and he was close to him during the whole of the Vicksburg campaign. One of his experiences was running the batteries of Vicksburg with his father's side on a gunboat.

## Wise Three-Year-Old.

A flaxen-haired tot—a boy of 3—attracted much attention by wandering alone along the main aisle of a department store the other day. Crowds jostled and pushed, but the little fellow trudged onward manfully, apparently with a definite object in view. A floor walker, seeing that the child was unaccompanied, stopped him. "Where are you going, son?" he asked. "I'm looking for mamma; she's lost," responded the youngster bravely. "She got lost when I was looking at the pretty things." At this moment there was a little shriek heard, and a half hysterical woman ran forward to clutch the boy. "That's mamma; I've found her," said the lad, calmly, as he was led away. "That boy has more sense than his mother," the floor walker commented.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## GOOD Short Stories

A discussion on the word hyphen was being held in a school. "Give me some words joined together by a hyphen," said the teacher to the class. Among others came the word bird-cage. "Yes," said the teacher, "and why do we put a hyphen between bird and cage?" "For the bird to sit on," answered one of the boys, promptly.

Richard Le Gallienne once went to a publication office to get a check which was due him for an article. "I'm sorry," said the cashier, "but I shall have to disappoint you to-day. The checks are made out, but they are without the signature of our manager. He is ill with the gout." "Extend him my sympathies," murmured Mr. Le Gallienne; "it must be very trying for him to be so disabled. I infer that he signs his checks with his feet."

Mark Twain, during one of his lecture tours, was waiting at a station for a delayed train. The lecture committee and several townsmen were with him, and talking their best to pass the time away. One man told about a frightfully unhealthy town he had read about, and it was a gruesome tale of dying and burials and that sort. "It might have been worse," Twain followed, in his slow and direct manner; "I lived in that same town for two years, and I never died once. Not a single time." The way he said it seemed to dare the crowd, and not a man said a word in response. "Of course you may think I'm lying," the humorist continued, "and I'm sorry, for I can't get any witnesses to testify that I didn't, because everybody else that lived there is dead."

"Seamen's return" tickets are issued by most British railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates. When a somewhat stylishly dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking clerk at a southern seaport town demurred. "Seamen's returns" are only issued to sailors," he snapped. "Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk; "how am I to know it is correct?" "How are you to know?" came the answer; "why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in on your jaw tackle a bit." The station master had been standing near by. "Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor."

A prospective Boston bridegroom, who meant to be master in his own house, called on the well-known Unitarian clergyman, Rev. C. W. Wendte, who was to tie the knot the following day. "I have heard," he said, "that you omit the word 'obey' from the marriage service. Will you kindly insert it to-morrow?" Mr. Wendte obligingly promised to do so. "Wilt thou, Lucy, promise to love, honor and obey?" was promptly answered by the bride without demur. The same question was put to the groom, who hesitated, stammered, and gulped, but answered, as had his bride, "I will," probably not wishing to create a scene. Later he reproached the minister. "But you asked me to use the word 'obey,'" said Mr. Wendte, with a twinkle in his eyes; "how was I to know that you wanted it for the lady only. You should have been more explicit."

## Some Definitions.

Pessimism—Mental indigestion.  
A genius—The first child.  
Fame—Post-mortem appreciation.  
Marriage—The end of a love story.  
The unpardonable sin—Being found out.

Tainted money—A new variety of sour grapes.

Ability—The explanation of your success.

Luck—The explanation of the other fellow's.

Worry—Interest paid on trouble before it falls due.

Furious—A word expressing the pleasure a girl experiences when she is kissed.

Amateur farming—A form of extravagance practiced by men who, like Carnegie, do not wish to die rich.

A skeptic—A man who can't believe in the miracle of Jonah and the whale and yet thinks he can beat Wall street.

The smart set—A group of people who, in trying to amuse themselves, merely succeed in amusing everybody else.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Cremation in Germany.

Clerical circles throughout Germany are much exercised at the cremation of the body of a Lutheran pastor, Dr. Dreydorf, at Leipzig. Dr. Dreydorf left strict injunctions in his will that his body was to be disposed of in this manner. He is the first clergyman in Germany who has taken this step, which, in orthodox circles, is regarded as being opposed to Christian dogma and at variance with the accepted view of the resurrection.

## A Homely Comparison.

"Yes, I saw the famous necklace of black pearls."

"What did it look like?"

"Well, to my mind it resembled nothing so much as a string of shoe buttons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a man says he got up nine-timer with the baby six nights in succession, it means that one night he woke up and heard his wife get up.



# THE ENTERPRISE

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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1906.

In the re-arrangement and re-districting of the precincts of San Mateo county this precinct—Baden—will be divided into three precincts. One of these precincts will include the old territory north of Sierra Point House on the San Bruno Road, with a voting place at Visitation valley. The town of South San Francisco and adjacent territory will be divided into two precincts, with the dividing line in the town on Linden avenue.

Our local Board of Trade has already made its mark in San Mateo County as the advocate of an efficient license law, and tax upon peddlers and traveling merchants, as a protection to merchants having a fixed place of business within this county.

There is another matter awaiting the action of our local Board and worthy of its attention and best effort. We refer to the matter of joining in the movement for the organization of a County Promotion Committee. Other localities in the county are moving to this end. The plan is to have a strong, active county committee to work in conjunction with the California Promotion Committee. A sub-committee should be at once appointed by our local Board of Trade, and notice sent to the San Mateo and Redwood City Boards of Trade advising that this town is ready for the organization of a County Promotion Committee. Much good can be accomplished by such a committee for the county and this town will get its share of the good resulting from united action.

## BIG SMELTER LOCATED AT SAN BRUNO POINT

South San Francisco Acquires a Great Industry.

A \$5,000,000 Plant to Employ 2000 Men.

After months of investigation, the American Smelting and Refining Company has located its big copper smelter at San Bruno Point, immediately east of this town, and work has begun on the site selected for the big plant. When Daniel Guggenheim, President of the American Smelting and Refining Company, with other officials of the company, arrived in San Francisco last fall, and it became known that they were here to locate a big plant and great industry at the most suitable point on San Francisco Bay, an intense competition was aroused to secure the location of the new industry. By the operation of the rule of the survival of the fittest, the selection of the site narrowed down to a decision between South San Francisco and Point Richmond. The entire question of the relative merits of the two competitors—Point San Bruno and Point Richmond—was thoroughly thrashed out. The advantages of the former, presented by Land Agent W. J. Martin for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, in a clear and convincing statement, turned the scales, and the decision was made in favor of Point San Bruno and South San Francisco, and Mr. Martin went to New York and closed the deal for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company.

The site for the smelter consists of 200 acres of land at San Bruno Point. The entire site will be occupied for smelting purposes, and the enterprise will be one of the biggest ever undertaken on the Bay of San Francisco. The plant is to cost over \$5,000,000 and will employ over 2000 men. It will be the most complete and modern in arrangement of its kind in the world. It will handle ores from California, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Montana, Alaska, Mexico, and from all over the Pacific Coast.

The establishment of this great smelter at this place will stimulate the mining industry throughout the West, as a vast quantity of low grade ores, that cannot be made to pay at present, by reason of great distance from smelter and present high rates for smelting, will at once become available and yield a profit to mine owners. The new plant will be odorless, as modern contrivances will be used to prevent the escape of the fumes generated in smelting ores. The plant will handle mostly copper

ores. A pier will be built extending a mile from the smelter into the bay to deep water. This will enable deep water ships with their cargoes of ores or fluxes to unload at the wharves. The establishment of a deep water harbor and wharves at this point is of itself and alone an immense acquisition and advantage to this place, and must prove of incalculable benefit in the development of this place as a great manufacturing center. In time we may confidently look forward to the establishment here of extensive factories for the manufacture of the copper produced at the smelters into wire and other forms of copper for the markets of the Orient, the West and the world.

The acquisition of this new and great industry is the turning point in the history of this young industrial city. Other industries will follow, and the development and growth of this place will be permanent, rapid and on a magnificent scale.

## THE SMELTER TRUST

How the Guggenheims Are Helping Collateral Industries.

In a recent interview the president of the American Smelting Company, popularly known as the smelting trust, very clearly explains how the corporation's plans for the building of a \$2,000,000 smelter at Point San Bruno provides for the development of collateral industries on whose encouragement their promoters and the trust are mutually dependent. The policy of the smelting company is not to control the source of ore supply, but to do everything it can to facilitate the extraction and transportation of such low-grade ores and fluxes as its smelters will need to keep them in operation. The company has been instrumental in helping Mexican mine owners to develop their properties and ship the ores extracted to its smelters in Colorado and elsewhere. In that way both industries have profited from its enterprise and through its wise policy of fostering the interests of the miners in order to build up its own. What has been done by the American Smelting Company for Mexico, Colorado and Utah is about to be done by it now in this State, in Nevada, Alaska and China, for the plans of the Guggenheims cover an extensive field.

The secret of the policy of the smelting trust is that it is quite as essential to the success of the smelting establishment that it should have a reliable source of ore supply and fluxes as it is that the miner should be able to get a market for his smelting ores and the cheapest means of transporting them to it. The big smelter to be erected at San Bruno Point is, consequently, one of the most important industries so far established in the neighborhood of this city, for it will be the means of making many low-grade ore bodies in this State and Nevada not at present workable, because of the lack of smelting facilities and excessive transportation charges, profitable to work, and it will create a populous settlement around the big smelter composed of its own workmen and their families. The company is now aiding the Central Alaskan Railroad in order to open the Copper River mineral belt, as one of its sources of ore supply, and it contemplates employing a line of steamships to carry the phosphate by-product saved in smelting to China and bring back from that country cargoes of ore to feed the smelter. The latter is, therefore, an industry which will be far-reaching in its benefits.—S. F. Chronicle.

## THE MISSION.

A good congregation assembled Sunday evening last at Butchers' Hall. The pastor, J. D. Lewis, conducted the service. The scriptures read by way of lesson was the 8th Psalm and the 17th Chapter of Proverbs. The sermon a thoughtful exposition of the Psalm. The pastor said in part: The language of the Psalm came from one who had experience and that of a personal nature; thus the Psalmist with a heart full of overflowing with gratitude to God expresses the longing of his soul. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the Courts of the Lord; my heart and flesh crieth out for the living God. This was the desire of a heart that knew what personal contact with God was; these are they which go from strength to strength, and in Zion appear before God. We cannot explain this personal contact; language fails us when the peace which passeth all understanding becomes our portion. Jonathan Edwards, in giving his experience late in life, said: "Some years ago, in the privacy of my room, after wrestling God asking him to bless me in my work, I came in personal touch with God; he filled my cup of blessing full to overflowing; so much so that I cried out: Lord, stay thine hand. Had I then my present experience, I should have said: Lord, enlarge the vessel."

The pastor then gave his personal experience. Raised on a farm, it was his privilege in early life to experience that change of heart which comes to those who earnestly seek the Lord, and was desirous that others should know the glad tidings, and in the strength which God supplies from that day till now have been working for the Master, and if we ever grow in Christian life, we must work. Grow by effort, do the very best you can, then the world will be benefited.

How many present can tell of such an experience? Can we with the Psalmist say: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Take stock, see on which side the balance lies. God says: "I will give grace and glory; no good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." He is the only source of help and the strength he gives is Divine. Hymn 139 being sung, then the benediction brought a very interesting service to a close. H. E.

Doubt is hell in the human soul.

## FRATERNAL ORDERS.

Members of Wahita Council, No. 35, Degree of Pochontas, South City, are preparing to receive a large class for adoption in the new lodge room. The recent additions to Tippecanoe Tribe is arousing interest and undoubtedly moving the Council to action. The word has gone forth: "We must double the membership." Success will surely follow.

U. A. O. D.  
Few men stand higher in the councils of local Druidism than Brother Geo. Renken, Grand Trustee of the Grand Grove of California. To him Golden Eagle Grove, No. 173, South City, is indebted for an official visit at the last meeting of the Grove. During his speech, under the good of the order, he traced the history of ancient Druids, of the work they performed in uplifting those by whom they were surrounded into a better mode of living. They were the Good Samaritans of olden days, and while they are gone from us, their influence remains. Throughout the ages past it was their mission to relieve the sick, succor the distressed, bury the dead and protect the widow and orphan. This is also our mission. May we do our duty and like the ancient Druids perform our part. Then

When moon and stars and planets Have dissolved and left their spheres,  
We will dwell in light forever,  
Free from darkness, doubts and fears.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.  
A low tax rate.  
An equable and healthful climate.  
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

## REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

## FOR RENT.

Del Paso Hotel, twenty-two rooms. Inquire Postoffice.

## Tells Grim Story of Prison Horrors.

St. Petersburg.—The daughter of General Ismaelovich, who was condemned to death March 2d, her sentence later being commuted to imprisonment for life, has succeeded in sending out a letter from her prison. It was published and describes her treatment after the attempt to kill the Governor of Minsk, as a result of which her accomplice, Ivan Kulikanoff, was executed. Miss Ismaelovich says the police kicked her into insensibility and subsequently at the police station tore off her clothes, subjected her to indignities, beat and cursed her, spat in her face and struck her with such force on the side of her head that an eardrum was broken. A local paper prints statistics showing that 397 executions occurred in Russia during the month of January.

## Packing House for Portland.

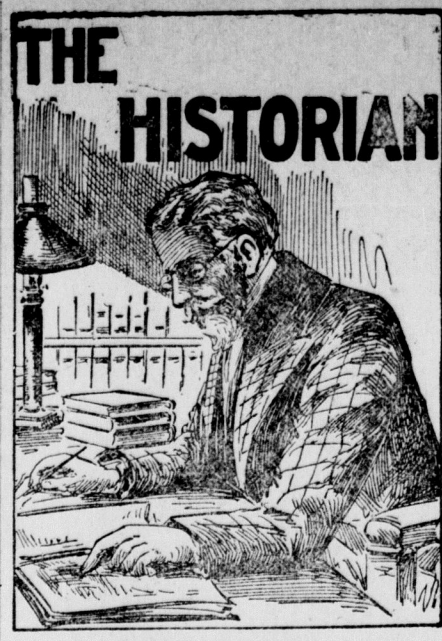
Portland, Or.—Louis F. Swift, head of the packing concern of Swift & Co., is in Portland to complete arrangements for a million-dollar packing plant, which his firm will build in this city. The output will be 500 cattle, 1000 sheep and 1000 hogs a day, and employment will be provided for 1000 hands. The purpose of the plant is to enable Swift & Co. to enter the Alaska and Oriental markets, besides furthering their interests in the Northwest.

## Horses, Cattle and Mules Burned.

Modesto.—Seven head of cattle, two mules, four horses, two carriages and a quantity of hay and the barn of Andrew Warren near Turlock were destroyed by fire. The loss approximates \$4000.

## Production of Zinc.

Washington.—Returns to the United States Geological Survey from all the producers of zinc in the United States show that the production in 1905 was 202,536 short tons.



- 1265—First English Parliament to which Knights of Shires, citizens and burgesses were summoned.
- 1534—Lima, Peru, founded by Pizarro.
- 1546—Martin Luther preached his farewell sermon at Wittenberg.
- 1547—Earl of Surrey beheaded.
- 1583—Attempt of the Duke of Anjou to seize Antwerp.
- 1588—Miles Coverdale, translator of the Bible, died.
- 1609—Joseph Scaliger, founder of chronology, died.
- 1645—Archbishop Laud beheaded.
- 1657—Attempted assassination of Cromwell.
- 1706—Benjamin Franklin born.
- 1719—France declared war against Spain.
- 1720—Famous South Sea Bubble inaugurated.
- 1746—Battle of Falkirk.
- 1765—Stamp act passed by the British Parliament.
- 1776—"No Stamp" flag raised at Portsmouth, N. H.
- 1777—Battle of Kingsbridge, N. Y.
- 1788—Connecticut ratified constitution of the United States.
- 1789—Charles IV, declared king of Spain.
- 1790—Lafayette supported abolition of titles and surrendered his own.
- 1791—Vermont adopted constitution of the United States. Thirtieth and last State.
- 1793—First balloon ascension in United States made at Philadelphia.
- 1796—Remains of Columbus removed from St. Domingo to Havana.
- 1804—Dr. Jenner first declared vaccination would prevent smallpox.
- 1805—Tailors of New York City met and organized first trades union in America.
- 1806—Cape of Good Hope taken by the English.
- 1809—American Congress passed laws enforcing the embargo.
- 1810—Diocesan court annulled marriage of Bonaparte and the Empress Josephine.
- 1813—Defeat of Gen. Winchester at the River Raisin.
- 1815—Battle of New Orleans....King of Spain issued edict against Free Masonry.
- 1826—Peru evacuated by the Spaniards.
- 1829—Revolt against Spain by "Society of the Black Eagle" in Cuba.
- 1830—President's message reached New Orleans from Washington in four and one-half days, breaking previous speed records.
- 1836—Treaty of peace and commerce signed by United States and Venezuela.
- 1838—Coldest day in a century.
- 1840—Penny postage in Great Britain went into operation.
- 1848—Thirty killed in explosion of the steamboat Blue Ridge on the Ohio river.
- 1850—First ship placed in United States drydock at Brooklyn navy yard.
- 1854—Ship Taylenore lost on Irish coast; 370 perished.
- 1854—Two railroad bridges at Erie, Pa., destroyed by a mob of women.
- 1855—Great parade of the unemployed in New York City.
- 1860—Eighty persons killed in the collapse of the Pemberton mills, Lawrence, Mass.
- 1861—Battle of Bull Run....Georgia adopted ordinance of secession.
- 1863—Gen. Fitz John Porter cashiered and dismissed from service of United States.
- 1867—Indians troublesome and 8,000 U. S. troops ordered to the plains.
- 1870—U. S. steamer Oneida lost. Yokohama; 120 perished.
- 1871—King William of Prussia proclaimed Emperor of Germany....Fennian exiles arrive in New York.
- 1873—Napoleon III. died.
- 1874—Siamese twins died in Surrey county, North Carolina.
- 1881—Egyptian obelisk is set in its permanent position in Central Park, New York.
- 1883—Hamburg-American steamer sunk in North Sea; 353 lives lost.
- 1884—New State capitol building of Iowa dedicated at Des Moines....Ninety-seven lives lost in wreck of steamer Columbus off Martha's Vineyard.
- 1885—Seventeen lives lost in burning of insane hospital at Kankakee, Ill....Avalanche in Piedmont; seventy lives lost.
- 1886—Thirty-six men buried in mine explosion near Wheeling, W. Va....Damaging storm on the Pacific coast....Many lives lost in great blizzard which swept the West.
- 1887—Henry M. Stanley started from London for relief of Emin Bey in Africa....British ship Kapunda sunk off the coast of Brazil; 300 perished.
- 1889—Jail attacked by mob, Graham, Texas; six men killed....Tariff bill passed U. S. Senate; vote, 82 to 30....Grand Opera House, St. Paul, burned.

## Did You Attend the First Clearance Sale

Of the People's Store? If not avail yourself of the opportunity.

Bargains in Men's Furnishings  
Bargains in Dress Goods  
Bargains in Shoes  
Bargains in Crockery  
Bargains for Everybody

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## The People's Store

Grand Avenue, South San Francisco

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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## Scientific American.

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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**  
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Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,**  
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LOCAL AGENT FOR THE  
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**M. W. SILK, AGENT**  
For the Celebrated Beers of the  
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Opposite the Cemeteries  
Has been purchased by  
**JOHN CLIFFORD**  
The past high reputation of this well-known house will be maintained.

The Finest Liquors and Cigars and a First Class Table Will Be Made a Specialty

The Patronage of the Public is respectfully solicited.

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McMahon House - - - Mission Road

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## TOWN NEWS

### Rain and shine.

Plenty in prospect.

M. F. Healy's new house on Linden avenue is enclosed.

Mr. L. B. Woodruff of Mayfield was a visitor here Thursday.

H. J. Vandebos is giving his Linden Hotel a new coat of paint.

For Sale—House and lot on Commercial avenue. Inquire at Postoffice.

For Sale—Saloon with license, doing good business. Inquire at Postoffice.

J. B. Nobragiacomo has opened a dry goods store in the Hansbrough Block.

The land company is putting in the large water mains on Commercial avenue.

For Rent—Flat in Michenfelder Building, corner of Grand and Maple avenues.

Two of the company's two-story cottages on upper Grand avenue are enclosed.

P. L. Kauffmann has purchased the Washington blacksmith shop on Baden avenue.

Missionary service was held at Butcher's Hall on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. Woodman of Sacramento now occupies the Miss Murphy flat on Miller avenue.

The new lodge hall is now furnished and the lodge has a cozy little hall for their meetings.

Tom McMullen has let a contract to builder A. Dutra for a cottage on his lot on Grand avenue.

C. Violetta has let a contract to A. Dutra for the erection of a cottage on his lot on Commercial avenue.

C. Violetta has bought the east half of lot No. 6 in block No. 118 and has begun building a cottage thereon.

Tom McMullen is acting as time-keeper at the packing-house during the absence of Ernest Eikerenkotter.

G. B. Holston has bought lot No. 1 in block No. 103 and will begin the erection of a fine residence at an early day.

Ernest Eikerenkotter left on Wednesday of last week for a two weeks' vacation to be spent at the great Tonopah gold camp.

Halfmoon Bay is booming. The latest development is in the shape of another bank, to be known as the "Portuguese-American Bank."

Property while under construction covered by policy of fire insurance without cost to contractor or owner. Enquire of E. E. Cunningham.

George H. Bayley of San Francisco, father of Ernest Bayley of South City, passed peacefully away Tuesday morning, the 20th. Our sympathy is with those that mourn.

A well conducted building and loan association is a better place for the workingman's savings than is a savings bank. Try our local building and loan association.

David Davison of South City, who has been in St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco, suffering from pneumonia for two weeks past, has recovered and was in town Tuesday.

Members of the Ladies' Aid Society gave Mrs. Chas. Duer a birthday surprise party on Thursday of last week. A feature was a huge regulation cake with a candle to represent each year of the lady's age.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

The members of the Board of Trade held their regular meeting Wednesday evening last. Three new members signed the constitution. Matters of vital interest to the city were discussed and progress reported.

Mr. Wm. Quan will open his restaurant in the Metropolitan Building tomorrow. This new enterprise is a credit to our town and should have the support of our people. Everything about the restaurant is first-class.

The annual meetings of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, South San Francisco Power and Light Company and Western Meat Company were held on the 19th inst. The old Board of Directors and officers were re-elected.

Nelson Morris of Chicago, one of the principal stockholders in the Western Meat and the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Companies, paid a visit of inspection to the town and factories on Tuesday in company with Land Agent W. J. Martin.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

During the past week there has not been a day we have not seen business men from other places looking for vacant buildings to embark in new enterprises. What our town needs now, and needs badly, is a few more up-to-date business blocks. They would rent for a good price and would be occupied by new firms.

The inquest upon the body of the Toso boy was concluded on Thursday. The testimony of Dr. Plymire, who made an external examination of the body, was in substance that the marks upon the body were not wounds, but the result of decomposition and that it was possible the child might have been dead ten or eleven days. The verdict of the jury, based upon the testimony of Dr. Plymire, was that the child died from exposure and exhaustion. So ends the quest for a lost child, and all the mystery and misery surrounding the loss and death of poor little two-year-old Johnny Toso.

The body of the lost Toso boy was

found Wednesday afternoon, about a half mile from the Toso ranch house, by one of Toso's partners, who in passing over the ranch ran across the body. The boy was only two years old and it seems almost incredible that a mere infant could have traveled a half mile over the rough ground through the mud. The body when found was not decomposed nor was there the slightest odor about it. There were marks at the back of the neck, one under the right ear and several others on the arms, legs and body which resembled wounds made by small shot fired from a shotgun. At this writing the Coroner's inquest has not been completed, but an autopsy has been ordered and will be performed by Dr. H. G. Plymire.

### CLOSE OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

Father Newell brought his mission at the Roman Catholic Church to a close on Sunday, March 18th. He said he was glad to see the steady attendance, notwithstanding the inclement weather. He then read the Epistle for the day, being the third Sunday in Lent, from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, Chapter V: "Be ye therefore followers of God, as most dear children. But fornication and all uncleanness or covetousness let it not so much as be named among you, as becometh saints. Or obscenity or foolish talking or scurrility, which is to no purpose; but rather giving of thanks." He then read the gospel from St. Luke, Chapter XI. He then delivered a sermon on the sacrament of matrimony, which is in part as follows:

"The sacrament which unites a Christian man and woman in lawful marriage is called matrimony and is one of the greatest sacraments of the church. It can be broken only by the death of the husband or wife. The old Mosaic law laid down this law and Christ on more than one occasion says that the marriage tie is binding unto death. The great Council of Trent, held from 1545 to 1563, interprets the teaching of Christ on this point and condemns in strong terms those who treat lightly the marriage relation. Marriage should be a lasting and beautiful friendship, not a mere transitory love inspired alone by beauty, which fades as age advances, a friendship, for better or worse, which takes into account the welfare of the children. Where divorces are allowed the welfare of the children is lost sight of, and the very foundation of moral society is endangered. We can here see the sublime teachings of Christ, and the church by standing firmly on these teachings proclaims itself the protector of the home, of the women and children, the unrelenting foe to immorality, and the upholder and support of true civilization. The large increase in the number of divorces is sad to contemplate and I appeal to all those present to be true to their marriage vows and to their children." W. H.

### THE FURNITURE CONTRACT AWARDED

H. S. Crocker & Co. Get the Job.—Insurance on the New Court House is High.

Last Monday the Board of Supervisors accepted the bid of H. S. Crocker & Co. of San Francisco of \$25,000 for furnishing the new Courthouse. There was another bid on hand for a lower sum, but the members of the Board some weeks ago made a special trip to the city to examine the samples, and all but Supervisor MacBain favored the goods offered by Crocker as being the best adapted for the purpose and more durable even though the price was higher.

When the matter of awarding the contract came up, Supervisors Debenedetti, Coleman, Coburn and Eikerenkotter said they believed it would be for the best interests of the county to purchase the best grade of goods, and each believed his constituents would approve of the act.

Mr. MacBain warmly advocated the acceptance of the lower bid, and declared he believed the quality of the goods the equal of the other firm.

The contract was finally awarded to Crocker & Co., Mr. MacBain voting no and the other members voting aye.

The question of placing insurance on the new Courthouse also came up and the announcement was made that the rate on the new building is higher than on the old structure. The members of the Board thought this a strange circumstance. In view of the fact that the new building is thoroughly fireproof. The matter will be investigated for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not there is a combination effected among the various companies.

Supervisors MacBain, Eikerenkotter and Coburn were appointed a committee with power to act to purchase shades for the new Courthouse.

Bonita Parlor, N. D. G. W. of Redwood City, asked the Board to donate some of the old settees in the Courthouse to the new California Square, the park which has been provided through the efforts of that organization. The request was filed for future reference.

E. E. Cunningham of South San Francisco in a communication solicited a share of the insurance on the new Courthouse. A similar request was made by Alex. Gordon and it was also filed.

Geo. H. Gerwin of this county begged to suggest that the name of the main county road through the county be changed to some more attractive title. Inasmuch as the legal name by which the thoroughfare has been known for many years as the San Francisco and San Jose road and as the name figures in innumerable real estate descriptions the Supervisors are averse to making any change.

The request of the South San Francisco Board of Trade to raise the license on itinerant peddlers and retail solicitors who regularly visit the county from San Francisco and other outside points, was taken up.

The matter was thoroughly discussed, and Supervisor Debenedetti said he understood Santa Cruz county had passed an ordinance of a similar nature, and he asked that a copy be secured.

T. C. Van Ness Jr. presented a war-

rant for \$562.85 in favor of the estate of W. P. A. Brewer, for repairing levees on the island in Reclamation District No. 543. Another for \$4078.40 for Edward Peabody for leveeing. The third one was for \$537 for Edward Brewer for the purpose of performing new work. He asked the approval of the warrant.

The matter was referred to the District Attorney for investigation. The application of Chas. F. Gondona for a franchise for electric lights at Pescadero was called up.

Mr. Gondona bid \$10. C. E. Dugan raised it to \$20. Mr. Gondona went to \$25, and the privilege was awarded to him.—Leader, San Mateo.

### TRAIN WRECKER IN THE TOILS.

Constable Sheehan made an arrest yesterday morning which will probably prove a great relief to United Railroads officials. At an early hour the motorman on one of the cars on approaching Lomita Park discovered on the track a pile of ties, fishplates and a keg of nails. The motorman had plenty of time to slow down, consequently no damage resulted. A man was noticed scampering across the marsh and on arriving in San Mateo Constable Sheehan was informed of the fact and taken to the scene of the attempted wreck. He picked up the man's trail and followed it for a considerable distance on the marsh, where he found an Italian who claimed he could not speak English, covering in the grass. He was arrested and brought to San Mateo, where the car crew identified him as the person they saw running away, and he now lies in jail with a train-wrecking charge against him.

On Sunday night a car loaded with passengers was derailed near the same place, but fortunately due to the vigilance of the motorman, no one was hurt. It is supposed the man now in custody is the culprit who has been making the attempts to wreck the cars along the line at frequent intervals of late. He will be vigorously prosecuted.

It transpires that the arrested man was one of the regular section men on the electric line. On the morning of his arrest he failed to go to work, and gave no intimation of his intention to lay off.—Leader, San Mateo.

### NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids are invited by the undersigned, the Board of Trustees of San Bruno School District of San Mateo County, California, for the furnishing of all materials for, and the erection, construction and completion of a two-story frame school-house building, on the property of said School District, in South San Francisco, said San Mateo County; said building to be constructed in strict accord with the plans and specifications therefor, adopted by said Board of School Trustees on Monday, March 12, 1906, which are hereby referred to and made part of this notice. All such bids must be in writing, and be addressed to or left with the Clerk of said Board on or prior to 7:30 o'clock p. m. of Monday, April 2, 1906, and each bid must be accompanied by a certified check, in the sum of \$500, payable to the Chairman of said Board, and conditioned that the successful bidder will enter into suitable contract with said Board to complete said building, in accordance with said plans and specifications and his said bid, therefor, within five days after award of contract, or otherwise said check to be forfeited to said District. Said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated March 14, 1906.  
THOMAS MASON,  
Clerk of San Bruno School District of San Mateo County, California.

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Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Leave orders at  
Post Office Box 56,  
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In future will be on sale at our new store in the Merriam Block Only. Our trade has increased rapidly and we are running our shop to its full capacity to supply the demand; that is argument enough to convince anyone that "Williams' Home Made Bread" is the best that can be made. To get the original look for the label "Williams' Home Made Bread." Beware of imitations.

Look for

WILLIAMS'  
HOME MADE  
BREAD

the Label

### MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Cattle market strong at the advanced prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market firm, small offerings. Spring Lambs becoming more plentiful, prices steady.

HOGS—Hogs still scarce in California and prices still strong.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—Prices quoted are per pound for all the stock weigh alive delivered and weighed on San Francisco market.

CATTLE—No. 1 Steers, 4@4½¢; 2nd quality, 3½@3¾¢; Thin Steers, 3@3¼¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 3@3¼¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 2½@2¾¢; third quality, 2¼@2½¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 250 lbs, 7¼¢; over 250 to 350 lbs, 6¾¢; rough undesirable hogs, 5@5½¢; hogs weighing under 130 lbs, 7@7½¢.

SHEEP—No. 1 Wethers, 5¼@5½¢; No. 1 Ewes, 4¾@5¼¢; yearling Lambs, 5@5½¢; gross weight; spring lambs 6@7¢.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5@5½¢; over 250 lbs, 4@5¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEER—Market firm—First quality, 4½@4¾¢; second quality, 4@4½¢; third quality, 3½@3¾¢; thin steers, 4¼@5¢; first quality cows and heifers, 5½@6¢; second quality, 5@5½¢; third quality, 4½@5¢.

VEAL—Large, 6¼@7½¢; medium, 8@9¢; small, good, 9½@10¢.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 10½@11¢; light, 1@11½¢; Heavy Ewes, 9½@10¢; Light Ewes, 10@10½¢; yearling lambs, 12½@13¢; spring lambs 14@15¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 10@11¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½@14½¢; picnic hams, 9¢; Boiled Hams, skin on, 19½¢; skin off, 20½¢.

BACON—EX. LT. S. C. bacon, 17¢; light S. C. bacon, 16½¢; med. bacon, clear, 13¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13½¢; clear, light bacon, 14¢; clear ex. light bacon, 14½¢.

BEER—Extra Family, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf. bbl, \$6.25; Family Beer, bbl, \$11.00; hf. bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$10.50; do, hf. bbl, \$5.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11½¢; do, light, do, Bellies, 11½¢; Clear, bbls., \$21.00; hf. bbls., \$12.50; Salted Pigs' Feet, hf. bbls., \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are 10 lbs.

Tes. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 4½ 6¼ 6¾ 6¾ 7¼ 7¾ Cal. pure 10½ 10½ 10½ 10½ 11 11½

In 5-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5 to 10 lbs.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.20; 1s \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.20; 1s, \$1.25.

PRIMBROS' SALAD OIL—Tierces—about 50 gallons, \$ 42 gallon 5 gallon tins—1 per case 47 "

1 " " 10 " " " 62 " 1 " " 20 " " " 67 "

Quart Bottles 12 " " " 1.85 dozen Pint " 24 " " " .95 "

½ pint " 36 " " " .85 "

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

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AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

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GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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### General Banking

Paid-up Capital, \$50,000.00.

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The best way to pay bills is by check. It's less trouble and saves time. A canceled check is the best receipt. There is no reason why you should not keep an account with us.	A safe place to keep deeds, insurance and other valuable papers. A key to get at them. A private room in which to examine them. All for \$2.50 a year.	A savings bank is created by law to protect and safeguard your money. You are always welcome. Any amount will start an account and will earn interest.

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LEROY HOUGH, Vice-President Mgr. Western Meat Co.	C. M. MACFARLANE, Chicago.
W. J. MARTIN, Secretary Land Agt., So. S. F. Land & Imp. Co.	HENRY J. CROCKER, San Francisco.
M. E. GLUCKSMAN, Cashier So. San Francisco.	E. R. LILIENTHAL, Pres. Crown Distilleries Co.

## SAN MATEO BANK

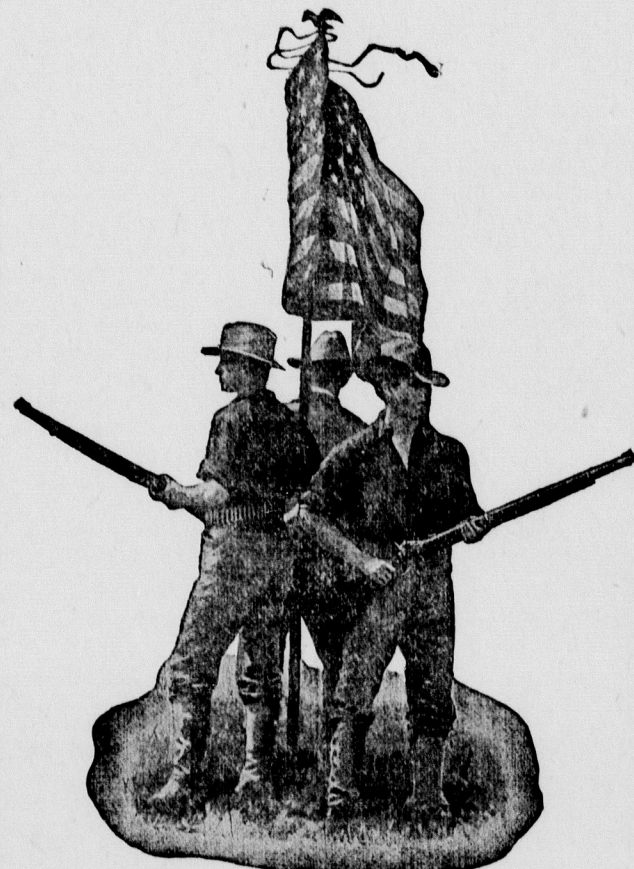
San Mateo, Cal.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL	\$200,000.00
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	100,000.00
PAID UP CAPITAL	50,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	\$3,066.00

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Fancy and Staple Groceries  
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Fine Tailoring and Ready Made Clothing

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Residence, corner Grand and Spruce avenues.

## South San Francisco Lumber Co.

FRANK KNOWLES, Manager

Pine and Redwood Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Lime and Cement always on hand

Yard on Linden Ave. South San Francisco



## WE'LL KEEP THE LITTLE FARM.

Well, Jane, I guess we'll keep the place, We've lived here, you and I, Upon this little farm so long, Let's stay here till we die. You know I thought I'd sell it once To Jones, or Deacon Brown, And take the money we have saved And buy a house in town. But when the buds begin to swell, And grass begins to grow, Somehow it doesn't seem to me I ought to let it go.

I love the crimson clover, And the fields of waving corn The quiet, balmy evening, And the fragrant, dewy morn; The pink and snowy blossoms Hanging on the apple trees; The chirping of the crickets, And the humming of the bees. I love the summer's honey breath, The blushing buds of May; The teeming autumn, rich with fruit, The scent of new-mown hay; The noisy babble of the brook, And laughter of the rill; The lowing herds upon the heath, And flocks upon the hill. And when I think of leaving all, It fills me with alarm; So, after all, I guess it's best To keep the little farm. —J. Edgar French.

## LONESOME BOY.

IT'S awful lonesome to our house since Ma went away, and my Pa, he don't want to say a word when I ask him when she's coming back. He just sighs a great big sigh and tells me, 'Sonny, don't. Your Ma would come right back here if she could, but she can't, and there isn't any one left 'cept you and me, and we must stick together.' And then he sighs again and we both feel so awful sorry inside of us.

'And mornings when my Pa tries to dress me we have such turlie times with buttons and the things 'at holds my clothes on, and my Pa says buttons is the meanest. But my Ma knew just where every button went and when she dressed me she'd kiss me in the hollow of my neck and snuggle me up close and warm and say: 'Heart's delight, I love you, 'cause you're my



"IT'S AWFUL LONESOME AT OUR HOUSE."

baby.' And then we'd laugh and romp a little and have the bestest time, and then my Ma would get something good for breakfast and tell me the nicest stories about other little boys what did the nicest things. Now the buttons bother my Pa so he can't think any stories, and he has to hurry to the store so's to make money to buy bread and bacon for Sonny, so he says.

'I'm Sonny, and there's just Pa and me at our house now. My Ma was the nicest lady and our house was the nicest place to live you ever saw. Now she's gone away. They took her in a great, big box and my Pa says she never can come back again. There's a woman to our house who comes to cook and sweep, but I don't like her very much. She don't care for little boys, and when I ask her things, she says to me, she does: 'Now you keep still and run away. I've got my work to do and haven't time to talk to you.'

'My Ma always had time to talk to me and she said such funny things we used to get to laughing, and just laugh and laugh until we almost broke ourselves. And my Pa would come home and find us and he'd say, like he was mad, 'What's all this foolishness a-goin' on? And then he would catch my Ma around the waist and snuggle her like she snuggled me, and I'd hang onto Pa's hand and we'd all get to laughing together. We had awful good times to our house then. And after we'd had supper, my Pa would say, 'Let's sit down and talk awhile before we wash the dishes,' and my Ma and my Pa and I would sit down in the open door if it was summer time, and talk together and talk and talk.

'Those was the bestest times when my Pa and my Ma used to talk and talk till I fell asleep and my Ma would say, 'Goodness me, Sonny should have been in bed an hour ago!' and 'at was where she'd put me right off—snack!

'Now it's turlie lonesome, and my Pa he just stares away off when I ask him where my Ma can be, and he acts like he didn't hear, and both his eyes is full of tears when we're alone, and he acts like something hurt him awful. And when I ask him why she don't come back, and cry and say I want my Ma, he starts to cry too, till I put my arms around his neck and say, 'Please don't cry so hard, is you got a pain? And then he hugs me back and don't make a sound, and I say: 'Poor Pa, is you feeling so awful bad?'

'Onct he told me that my Ma had gone so far away she never could come back, but perhaps if we were good we might go some day to her. And I said:

## MYSTERY OF MISSING BOY.



More of an unfathomable mystery today than when the child disappeared, three and one-half years ago, is the case of the missing little Wilbur Clarke, of Beverly, Mass. Since that fateful June 17, 1902, when the boy vanished almost from beneath his parents' eyes, no tangible clew has been found. The efforts of skilled detectives of the State police department, as well as the aid of local officers of all the surrounding towns, and a child-hunt made by half the population of that part of Essex County, the use of blood-hounds and the offering of large rewards at the time—all proved unavailing.

As time has passed the case has only become more inexplicable, more like the famous kidnapping of Charlie Ross a generation ago.

A startling suspicion has gained ground of late that the reason of this profound mystery and the reason why no rewards have been brought any news of the boy is that the kidnapper was a wealthy summer resident who stole the boy to adopt him, and that all the resources of wealth, influence and a great family name have been used to suppress any information about the case.

The kidnapping of Wilbur Clarke at the time became a newspaper sensation even greater than the Charlie Ross case. Pages upon pages of details about it were telegraphed all over the country and the reports continued for weeks. Yet all that was ever known

about it could be condensed into two paragraphs.

At 10 o'clock on June 17, 1902, Mr. Clarke closed his office, as it was a half holiday, got a carriage and took his family, consisting of Mrs. Clarke and his four boys, Walter, Wilbur, Russell and Harry, the latter a baby in arms, for a drive into the Essex County woods. By chance they came to Chebacco pond about noon and were invited to eat their lunch at the camp of Mr. Ryan, an ex-alderman of Salem, who had gone there for a day's outing. Mrs. Clarke took the baby and the two other boys to the cabin, while Wilbur, four years old, remained with his father while Mr. Clarke unharnessed the horse and hitched it to a tree. When the horse was attended to Mr. Clarke look around for the boy, but he was gone.

A cry was raised and a hunt of the woods begun. In an hour or so searchers brought back from a wood road half a mile away a blue chambray tie which the mother identified as belonging to the boy. Near the spot where this was picked up the footprints of a man and boy were found. An old pair of Wilbur's shoes were found to fit exactly the small footprints in the mud.

Beyond these two bits of evidence nothing definite has ever been discovered except the very significant fact that a fashionably dressed man with Panama hat and pink striped outing shirt was seen by one of Mr. Ryan's boys half an hour previously near the path where Wilbur Clarke disappeared.

## FORM ARMY OF EDUCATION.

120,000 Men and 330,000 Women Employed as Teachers.

The army of education teachers in the United States is made up of 450,000 teachers, of whom 120,000 are men and 330,000 women. The overwhelming majority of the teachers are natives of the United States, less than 30,000 having been born abroad—one in fifteen.

Most of the men teachers are between the years of 25 and 35. The majority of the women teachers are between 15 and 25.

There are 2,300 men teachers over 65. There are less than 1,500 women teachers over 65. Three times as many women as men teachers are put down as "age unknown."

There are 21,000 colored teachers in the United States, thus divided between the two sexes: 7,700 men and 13,300 women. There are 500 Indian teachers in the Indian schools of the United States—240 men and 260 women.

The average age of teachers in the United States is higher than in England and lower than in Germany. The proportion of very youthful teachers is much greater in the country than in the city districts.

The largest proportion of men teachers is to be found in West Virginia, where they number 50 per cent of the total. The largest proportion of women is to be found in Vermont, where they form 90 per cent of the whole number. The standard of education is much higher in Vermont than it is in West Virginia.

The number of teachers in the United States has increased greatly in recent years. In 1871 there were 125,000; in 1880, 225,000; in 1890, 340,000, and it is at present 450,000.

## His Viewpoint.

Little Willie—Papa, what is a bigamist?

Mr. Hennypeck—A bigamist, my son, is a s-b-s-s-s! Is that your mamma coming up the street? No, I see it isn't. Well, a bigamist is a benefactor who prevents at least one of his fellow men from marrying.—Puck.

## For Cross Purposes.

"Why do they call it the bridge of the nose?" "Because, you know, objects have to pass from eye to eye."—Baltimore American.

## Ambition.

Now, this is my ambition: I'll say it, frank and blunt—A nice long row of figures With a dollar mark in front —Washington Star.

## No Way to Please Him.

A man hates to see his sister get married because he knows what men are, and he despises her if she doesn't. —New York Press.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

It takes more than an annual wave of religion to wipe out the reefs of sin.

You cannot lead a man to God except you love him.

No one can love the Savior without loathing his sins.

Repining is not repenting.

Vanity is the mother of vice.

Putty and piety are not the same.

Heaven-born love makes the higher life.

The praise of holiness is not its pursuit.

No good work was ever done by accident.

Souls are not caught in cobwebs on the brain.

It's your life that lifts the prayer of your lips.

You don't have to quit trying to begin to trust.

The parlor-car church gets hooked on the wrong train.

He who has glad news need not be afraid of making a noise.

You cannot feed the saints by running the church into a kitchen.

Some people buy Bibles for the gilt on them, others for the gold in them.

It doesn't matter what kind of gambling you follow. They all lead you down.

It is the last resort of weak minds to seek to be interesting through their melancholy.

Dewdrops of pity are very pretty, but they evaporate before any thirsty ones get to them.

The church usher soon learns to look at a woman's hat before he decides where to seat her.

ONAS ARE A GIANT TRIBE.

Tierra del Fuego Indians Are Specimens of Perfect Physical Fitness.

The Onas, a tribe of Indians inhabiting the mainland of the Tierra del Fuego island, are physical giants. Their average height is over 6 feet—a few are 7½ feet, a few fall below 6 feet. The women are more corpulent and not so tall. There is no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona Indians. This is partly due to the topography of the country and the distribution of game, which makes long marches across the country a necessity.

In mentality they fall far below their physical attainments. In the past their supply of game has been plentiful and this may account for the lack of inventive genius among them. This lack of progressive skill is portrayed in their home life, clothing and homes. Their children suffer from it. For, contrary to the practice common among most Indians of feeding, dressing and training the children well, the Onas' little ones are mostly naked, poorly fed and altogether neglected. They have abundant material for supplying themselves with clothing and homes and yet they throw a few branches together, put skins over the windward side and then shiver under the miserable shelter.

Scientists who have made a study of the subject say the language of the Onas is the strangest ever listened to. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of the sentences difficult, but every few words are interrupted by a sound which it is impossible to produce. The speaker hacks, coughs and grunts, distorting his face in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling block. The Onas live principally upon meat, which in former years was obtained from the guanaco.

Peril in Diamond Cutting.

Many people are unaware that a considerable danger menaces the cutters of diamonds in the form of that dreaded malady, lead-poisoning. In the cutting of diamonds the gem to be operated upon is fixed in a "dope," consisting of a hemispherical brass pan at the end of a rod of thick copper wire. The stone can then be set in any desired position relatively to the cutting wheel by bending the copper wire.

The cutting wheel or disk, which revolves extremely rapidly, is fed by a polishing medium, consisting of pulverized diamond and olive oil. As the work proceeds the diamond is constantly wiped with the bare hand to clear it of this medium and ascertain how far the cutting process has progressed. The diamond is set in the dope by means of a solder which is an alloy of lead and tin. This is heated until it is kneadable, when it is pressed into the dope and smoothed by means of the fingers around the projecting diamond, which is thus held firmly in place.

One setter handles about 200 dopes every day, and both he and the diamond polisher get numerous particles of lead alloy into their fingers and the palms of their hands, and sooner or later lead-poisoning is apt to result. The government of the Netherlands has offered a prize of 6,000 florins for a medium which shall replace the lead alloy for fixing the diamond in the dope. The medium must be sufficiently cheap to be adopted by the diamond setters and it must fulfill the various conditions of the work. The present alloy, being a good conductor, allows the heat of polishing to be drawn away by the copper rod, whereas an ordinary cement would itself become melted.

## In the Alarm-Clock Belt.

"Oh!" exclaimed the possible boarder, in disappointment, "so this is an alarm clock neighborhood! What a pity. The room is pretty. I like it, but I could never stand all those clocks."

"Oh, but there isn't an alarm clock in the house," the landlady protested. "All our people are late risers. They don't need to be called."

"But those people in the flats that back up against this house do," said the boarder. "I know the conditions as well as if I had lived here. I've been in many other places just like it. I like your room, but an alarm clock block is too hard on my nerves."

The landlady sighed as the prospective boarder picked his way down the dark stairs.

"What a crank," she said. "I didn't dare tell him the last boarder left on account of those clocks."

## Less Trouble.

The ambitious country lad had been reading the town papers. "Dad," he said at breakfast one morning. "I'm tired of this large farm life. I want to go to town and be a corporation lawyer or frenzied financier or something of the kind."

The old man frowned. "Don't talk such nonsense," he remonstrated. "If you really have a strong ambition to go to jail you can steal somebody's pig right around here without going to all the expense of going to town."—Chicago News.

## Pleasant Thoughts.



Rooster—Oh! Youth is a great blessing.

Porker—Yes, think how many meals one has before him.

## Changes of Time.

He had read a marriage notice mentioning the age of the groom as 17 and that of the bride as 16 years.

"Yes," he mused, "times are changing. When I was young childish amusements were much simpler."

## Not So Wonderful.

Meyer—It was certainly a miracle. I barely escaped with my life.

Gyer—Huh! I fall to see anything miraculous about that. Now, if you had escaped without your life the story would be far more interesting.

## He Had Been There.

"Did you ever feel as if all the world was against you?" queried the pessimist.

"Yes, once," replied the optimist. "When I was a boy I fell a distance of ten feet out of an apple tree."

## Sizing Him Up.

"I'm glad to see you in our midst again," said the village editor, who was built like a pair of tongs, as he shook hands with the obese postmaster, who had just returned from a two weeks' vacation.

"Get out!" exclaimed the P. M. as he looked the thin party over. "You haven't any midst."

## A John Bull and an Irish Bull.

A notice at a small depot near Manchester reads:

"Passengers are requested to cross over the railway by the subway."

This reminds us of the oft-quoted notice put up at the ford of an Irish river:

"When this board is under water the river is unpassable."—Judge.

## Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

This is the first question your doctor would ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of: HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

## Experimenting.

"You have a nice office here, Mr. Binks. Do you have many callers while you are working? How do you get rid of bores?"

"Tell 'em all about my rheumatism and what I do for it. I've tried everything, you know. Sometimes when I get up in the morning, I—What, must you be going? So long, old man! Works pretty well, by Jove!"—Cleveland Leader.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

## His Retentive Faculty.

Merchant—Your nephew has applied for a job in my store. Can you recommend him? He says he has had no experience, but he is full of days' works.

The Uncle—Well, I guess he is. No body has ever got any of 'em out of him yet.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Willing to Oblige.

"Say," queried the butcher's assistant, "can I get a quarter from you this morning?"

"Well, you've struck me pretty early," replied the Texas steer, "but I'll let you have one as soon as I am dressed."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## Her Sweeping.

"I suppose your new servant girl is like the average new broom," said Mrs. McCall.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hiram Offen.

"She really sweeps clean, eh?"

"Very likely. At any rate, she doesn't sweep the dirty places."—Philadelphia Record.

## Didn't Have a Fair Chance.

"Webster," asked his intimate friend, "did you declare yourself to Miss Peacham last night, as you told me you were going to do?"

"No, Hayne," said the rising young statesman, flushing with indignation. "She applied the gag rule before I had been talking two minutes!"

## Get What You Ask For!

There is a Reason—

Why the Good People of America buy Cascarets as Fast as the Clock Ticks.

Every second some one, somewhere, is buying a little Ten-Cent Box of Cascarets.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—60 times to the Minute, 60 Minutes to the Hour, 3600 Boxes an Hour, 36,000 Boxes a Day of Ten Hours, 1,080,000 Boxes a Month, and then some.

Think of it—220,000 People take a Cascaret tablet each day. Millions use Cascarets when necessary.

The Judgment of Millions of Bright Americans is Infallible. They have been Buying and Taking Cascarets at that rate for over Six years.



It is not an Experiment, not an Accident or Incident, but a sound, Honest Business, based on Time-Tried-and-Tested Merit, never found wanting.

There is a Reason.

Cascarets are the implacable foe of All Disease Germs; the incomparable cleanser, purifier and strengthener of the entire Digestive Canal.

They Act like Exercise on the Bowels, Muscles, make them strong and active—able to Help Themselves do their work—keep themselves clean.

Cascarets are the safe-guard of Innocent Childhood against the Dreadful Death-dealing Dangers that threaten the Lives of the Little Ones.

They are Purely Vegetable, absolutely Harmless, always Reliable and Efficient.

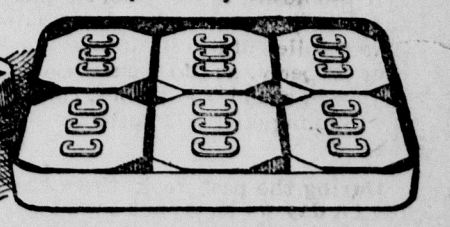
a true, faithful, loyal servant of Mankind.

Over Five Millions of Dollars have been Spent to make the merits of Cascarets known, and every cent of it would be lost, did not sound merit claim and hold the constant, continued friendship, Patronage and Endorsement of well-pleased people year after year.

## There is also a Reason—

Why there are Parasites who attach themselves to the Healthy Body of Cascarets' success—Imitators, Counterfeiters, Substitutes.

They are Trade Thieves who would rob Cascarets of the "Good Will" of the people, and sneak unearned profits, earned and paid for by Cascarets.



A Dishonest Purpose means a Dishonest Product and a Disregard of the Purchasers' Health or Welfare.

Beware of the Slick Salesman and his ancient "Just as Good" story that common sense refutes.

Cascarets are made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and the famous little Ten Cent "Vest Pocket" box is here shown. They are never sold in bulk.

Every tablet marked "CCC." Be sure you get the genuine.

## FREE TO OUR FRIENDS!

We want to send to our friends a beautiful French-designed, GOLD-PLATED BONBON BOX, hard-enamelled in colors. It is a beauty for the dressing table. Ten cents in stamps is asked as a measure of good faith and to cover cost of Cascarets, with which this dainty trinket is loaded. 75c Send to-day, mentioning this paper. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.



# Hood's Sarsaparilla

We are often asked, Why does Hood's Sarsaparilla effect so many cures of cases that seem to be almost beyond the reach of medicine?

The answer is this, that this great medicine is enabled by the peculiarity of its formula to produce results unapproached by any other medicine, this peculiarity consisting in the balanced combination of the very best specifics for the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, namely, for the blood, Sarsaparilla, Stillingia, Yellow Dock; for the liver, Mandrake, Dandelion; for the kidneys, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, Pipsissewa; for the stomach, Gentian, Wild Cherry Bark, Bitter Orange Peel; for the bowels, Senna, Mandrake and Dandelion.

Sold by druggists everywhere. Get a bottle today. Usual form, liquid, or new form, tablets, 100 Doses One Dollar.

## Realistic Drill.

The late Dr. H. L. Thomas of Washington was always a foe to warfare. He liked to get hold of stories, says a writer in the Christian Endeavor World, that reflected upon militarism. Such stories, he declared, were hopeful signs of the times. They pointed toward the final abolition of armies.

He often told the story of a recruit named Simpson Andrews. Simpson joined the army. One day he took part in a sham battle. He heard the general say, before the battle started, "Everything is to be done the same as in actual warfare."

No sooner was the first blank cartridge fired than Simpson dropped his gun and took to his heels.

"Hey, Andrews, where are you running to there?" shouted the general, as the recruit dashed by him.

"Why, sir," said Simpson, "I'm doing the same as I would do in actual warfare."

## Easy to See.

The Lady—You'll excuse me, but you don't travel on this car line often, do you, sir?

The Gentleman—No, madam. How do you know?

The Lady—You gave me your seat.

The Gentleman—And you don't travel on this line often yourself.

The Lady—What makes you think so?

The Gentleman—You thanked me.—Cleveland Leader.

## A Twice-Told Tale.

A Massachusetts lawyer has a notoriously treacherous memory for details. This failing occasionally leads him to garble a joke in repeating it. Recently he met a friend, who, clapping him upon the shoulder, said enthusiastically:

"Well, old man, this is a fine day for the race, isn't it?"

"Why, what race?"

"The human race," said the friend—and fled.

This was the first time the lawyer had ever heard this very ancient joke, so he determined to get it off on the next man he met—and he did, in this manner:

"Hello, Godfrey, isn't this a fine day for the trot?"

"Trot—what trot?"

"By gad," stammered the lawyer, "I swear there was a joke there, but I can't find it now!"—Lippincott's.

## The Modest Worm.

The good millionaire was doing his regular conversational part at the weekly meeting.

"Remember, brethren," he said, with sweet humility, "we are all worms of the dust. Not," he added, unostentatiously turning away from the approaching contribution box, "that I desire to accentuate 'the dust.'"

For he was modest withal, and, being a worm, had a right to turn.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



She—Am I the first girl you ever kissed? He—Why, do I go about it like an amateur?—Ex.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the name of the largest known diamond? Tommy—The ace.—Cleveland Leader.

He—Did you know I had become an actor? She—No. All I heard was that you had gone on the stage.—Judge.

"How many stops has that organ you bought your daughter?" "Five—breakfast, dinner, tea, supper and bed!"—Judge.

Bentley—Why do you call it a double elopement? Alma—He first ran away with her and then with her money.—Town Topics.

Knicker—Jones and his wife are singing the "Marseillaise." Bocker—Yes; they are bracing up to discharge the cook.—Harper's Bazar.

Maude—Oh, dear! I dread the thought of my thirtieth birthday, Clara—Why, I supposed you had forgotten it long ago.—Chicago Daily News.

"I think Mrs. Newcome is so sweet. Don't you? You can read her character in her face." "Yes. If you read between the lines."—Harper's Bazar.

The ragged heroine—Merciful heavens! I am perishing from the cold! Voice from the gallery—Sweep up the snow-storm and make a bonfire!—Puck.

"How do you like your government position?" "I'm greatly disappointed. I have to work as hard to fill the place as I did to get it."—Washington Star.

Minnie—I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice young lady—and she's worth her weight in gold. Bob—Stout girl, I hope.—New Yorker.

"You say your late uncle was an eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was insane?" "I don't know—the will hasn't been read yet."—Cleveland Leader.

"Well, this is a put-up job, all right," said the man, as he struggled, under his wife's direction, to hang the pictures on the parlor wall.—Somerville Journal.

He—Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes? She—I don't know. You might ask Miss Turner. She has had experiences in both capacities.—New Yorker.

"Have you much room in your new flat?" "Room! Mercy me, I should think not. Why, our kitchen and dining room are so small that we have to use condensed milk."—Puck.

The professor—Undoubtedly a marble statue is the best way of perpetuating a memory. The sweet girl—Oh, I don't know. I always tie a knot in my pocket handkerchief.—Pick-Me-Up.

"That man Fewscends is right wealthy, isn't he?" "Why no. How came you to think so?" "I understand he has an automobile, and that he has been operated on for appendicitis."—Dallas News.

Rural aunt—Gracious! why doesn't some one tell that pretty girl over there that her hair is mussed up and needs combing? City niece—Sh! aunt; that is the fashionable "automobile tousle."—Chicago News.

The upper-flatter's wife (breathlessly)—Dear, I've a piece of news for you. The flute-player across the hall is dead! The upper-flatter (pleadingly)—Please don't make me laugh—my lips are so chapped.—Judge.

General traffic manager—So forty were killed in the wreck? We must fix the responsibility. Superintendent of rebates—Hadden't we better fix the roadbed? President—All will be well if we fix the legislature.—Smart Set.

"An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal." "Yes. I wish I had enough money to buy one." "What do you want with an elephant?" "I don't. I merely expressed a wish for the money."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Here, Willie!" cried the boy's father, "you mustn't behave that way. Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?" "I suppose," replied Willie, "it's a big glutton's little boy."—Philadelphia Press.

Elsie—So you consider him misleading and disappointing? Why? Edie—Well, he had me on tenter-hooks last night in expectation that he was going to ask me to go to the theater. Elsie—And didn't he? Edie—No; he only asked me to marry him.—Tit-Bits.

"Waiter, do you mean to say this is the steak I ordered?" "Yes, sah." "This looks like the same steak the gentleman across the table refused to eat a few minutes ago." "Yes, sah; we always tries it three times before we gives it up, sah."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"You may send me only half the usual quantity of meat until further notice," said the customer who keeps a boarding house. "What's the matter, mum; some of your boarders leaving?" asked the butcher, sympathetically. "Oh, no," was the reply, "but three of my gentlemen lodgers are in love."—Tit-Bits.

Backlotz—What's this I hear about Mrs. Swellman being robbed of her jewels? Subbubs—Fact! They're gone, and Mrs. Kraft is the guilty party. Backlotz—What! You don't mean to say she stole—Subbubs—What else can you call it? She offered the cook six dollars a week and the chambermaid five dollars, and now she's got 'em.—Ex.

## THINGS TOURISTS LOSE.

Dover's Beach and Other Resorts Yield Harvest of Lost Articles.

The things tourists lose are so numerous that at the close of each seaside season large bodies of men and children are frequently to be seen on the occasion of a high tide at Brighton, Scarborough, Blackpool and elsewhere, searching the beach for the gold, silver and copper the sea discloses, says London Answers.

Dover beach is a regular Tom Tiddler's ground. This is proved by the fact that, in addition to a purse containing several sovereigns that were returned by a Dover boy to its owner, who rewarded him with a penny, the presentation watch, once the property of Sergt.-Maj. Hollis, that was lost some time ago by his widow, was discovered imbedded in the sand the year before last.

Other extraordinary "finds" at Dover are the iron vane of the lighthouse that was lost several years ago when the pier was run into by a large sailing vessel, which was discovered through the agency of an angler, whose catch, a small whiting, entangled the line in the ironwork; a draft for £1,500, contained in a pocketbook, that fetched a member of the Dover Gordon Boy's Orphanage a reward of £20; and a diamond brooch, worth several hundred pounds, that was lost by a lady when leaning over the side of a yacht in the harbor, and recovered a few days later by a sailor who dredged it up from the bed of the sea.

It is, of course, a great satisfaction to have anything lost returned to one at once, as was the good fortune of a lady at Gorleston two years ago, who rewarded with twopenny the small boy who returned the gold watch and chain that she had dropped on the beach, but because a recovery is not immediately effected all hope need not necessarily be given up. For instance, in August, 1901, a lady, when fishing from Deal pier, hooked up a gold bangle, with a £2 Jubilee piece attached, that had been lost the previous November, while a Stroud Green lady, who lost three valuable diamond rings on the summit of Snowdon on Dec. 15, 1890, had the same returned to her by the Bangor police five months later. It should be mentioned, however, that the last mentioned lady recalled removing the rings and placing them in her lap when she sat down, and was able to give directions that eventually led to their discovery.

## Cause and Effect.

The Hobo—Please, ma'am, would you give a pore sick man a few pennies?

The Lady—What seems to be the matter with you?

The Hobo—I've got a bad case of indigestion, ma'am.

The Lady—From overeating?

The Hobo—No, ma'am; from havin' nothin' on me stummick to digest.

## Chinese Girls Stay at Home.

Chinese girls as a rule are not sent to school; the mother superintends their training in housework. As soon as the girls are old enough they are taught to cook, sew, make and mend clothes and indeed do all domestic work. But the enlightened Chinese sends his daughter to school when near a mission or some other school.

# SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became entrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lotions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease.

There is only one way to cure these old sores and ulcers, and that is to get every particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.

I have had a crippled foot all my life, which compelled me to use a brace. By some unaccountable means this brace caused a bad ulcer on my leg, about six years ago. I had good medical attention, but the ulcer got worse. I was induced to try S. S. S., and am glad to say it cured me entirely, and I am convinced that it saved my leg for me. I have, therefore, great faith in S. S. S. and gladly recommend it to all needing a reliable blood medicine.

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Guy—You don't mean it. And did she?

Gunner—I should say so. She gave him one of those big racing automobiles for a Christmas gift and it tossed him over a barn the first time he took a ride in it.

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Winks—You say time runs on. What makes time run on?

Dinks—The spur of the moment, I suppose.—Birmingham (England) Weekly Post.

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Mrs. Benham—Cold hands mean a warm heart.

Benham—But cold feet don't mean a warm back.—Puck.

## Unmistakable Symptom.

Mr. Tyte-Phist—Jagway was trying to borrow money from me a little while ago. He seemed to be drunk.

Mr. Ardfax—If he was trying to borrow money from you he wasn't drunk. He was crazy.

We want hope. We want encouragement. Speak of good things. Tell your friends of the value of "Old Gilt Edge Whisky" as a stimulant if they look all run down. Wholesale at 29-31 Battery st., S. F. Wichman, Lutgen & Co.

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Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

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"I'll admit," said Mrs. Hylo, "there are some things I don't know—"

"That's no lie," interrupted her husband.

"But," continued the alleged better half of the combination, "that man doesn't live who can tell me what they are."

# HIGH CLASS DRUGGISTS AND — OTHERS.

The better class of druggists, everywhere, are men of scientific attainments and high integrity, who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow men in supplying the best of remedies and purest medicinal agents of known value, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions and scientific formula. Druggists of the better class manufacture many excellent remedies, but always under original or official names and they never sell false brands, or imitation medicines. They are the men to deal with when in need of anything in their line, which usually includes all standard remedies and corresponding adjuncts of a first-class pharmacy and the finest and best of toilet articles and preparations and many useful accessories and remedial appliances. The earning of a fair living, with the satisfaction which arises from a knowledge of the benefits conferred upon their patrons and assistance to the medical profession, is usually their greatest reward for long years of study and many hours of daily toil. They all know that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative remedy and that it gives universal satisfaction, and therefore they are selling many millions of bottles annually to the well informed purchasers of the choicest remedies, and they always take pleasure in handing out the genuine article bearing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. They know that in cases of colds and headaches attended by biliousness and constipation and of weakness or torpidity of the liver and bowels, arising from irregular habits, indigestion, or over-eating, that there is no other remedy so pleasant, prompt and beneficial in its effects as Syrup of Figs, and they are glad to sell it because it gives universal satisfaction.

Owing to the excellence of Syrup of Figs, the universal satisfaction which it gives and the immense demand for it, imitations have been made, tried and condemned, but there are individual druggists to be found, here and there, who do not maintain the dignity and principles of the profession and whose greed gets the better of their judgment, and who do not hesitate to recommend and try to sell the imitations in order to make a larger profit. Such preparations sometimes have the name—"Syrup of Figs"—or "Fig Syrup" and of some piratical concern, or fictitious fig syrup company, printed on the package, but they never have the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of the package. The imitations should be rejected because they are injurious to the system. In order to sell the imitations they find it necessary to resort to misrepresentation or deception, and whenever a dealer passes off on a customer a preparation under the name of "Syrup of Figs" or "Fig Syrup," which does not bear the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of the package, he is attempting to deceive and mislead the patron who has been so unfortunate as to enter his establishment, whether it be large or small, for if the dealer resorts to misrepresentation and deception in one case he will do so with other medicinal agents, and in the filling of physicians' prescriptions, and should be avoided by every one who values health and happiness. Knowing that the great majority of druggists are reliable, we supply the immense demand for our excellent remedy entirely through the druggists, of whom it may be purchased everywhere, in original packages only, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, but as exceptions exist it is necessary to inform the public of the facts, in order that all may decline or return any imitation which may be sold to them. If it does not bear the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, do not hesitate to return the article and to demand the return of your money, and in future go to one of the better class of druggists who will sell you what you wish and the best of everything in his line at reasonable prices.

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W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School & Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50. CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Labels used; they will not wear brassy. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

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Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

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If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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# TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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